

THE ACADEMY.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1354.—NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1898.

PRICE 3d.
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

CATALOGUES.

SOTHERAN'S PRICE CURRENT of LITERATURE.

No. 874, for APRIL, published this day, contains a collection of Works in Art, and the usual selection of good Books and Sets in Literature and Science; also fine copies of the Third and Fourth Folio Shakespeares.
Post free from HENRY SOTHERAN & Co., Booksellers, 140, Strand, W.C., and 27, Piccadilly, W.

ARTHUR THOMAS, 2^d, Silver Street, Leicester.
begs to intimate that he will issue his Second CATALOGUE Next Week. It will contain many interesting items, including First and Best Editions of esteemed Authors in Belles Lettres, Folk-lore, Topography, History, Antiquities, Fiction, and a selection of finely illustrated Works on Art and Architecture.
Gratis and post free to applicants.

FOREIGN BOOKS and PERIODICALS promptly supplied on moderate terms.

CATALOGUES on application.

DULAU & CO., 27, SOHO SQUARE.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE, IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN BOOKS.

Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, 20, South Frederick Street, Edinburgh, and 7, Broad Street, Oxford.

CATALOGUES post free on application.

AGENCY FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS and BOOKSELLERS, of 27 and 29 West 23rd Street, New York, and 24, BEDFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C., desire to call the attention of the READING PUBLIC to the excellent facilities presented by their Branch House in London for filling, on the most favourable terms, orders for their own STANDARD PUBLICATIONS and for ALL AMERICAN BOOKS and PERIODICALS—CATALOGUES sent on application.

IMPORTANT.—PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, BOOKS, &c.—KING, SEEL & RAILTON, Limited, high-class Printers and Publishers, 15, Gough Square, 4, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, E.C., have specially-built Rotary and other fast Machines for printing illustrated or other Publications and specially-built Machines for fast folding and covering 8, 16, 24, or 32-page Journals at one operation.
Advice and assistance given to anyone wishing to commence New Journals.

Facilities upon the premises for Editorial Offices, free. Advertising and Publishing Departments conducted.

Telephone 63121. Telegraph "Africanism, London."

TYPE-WRITING promptly and accurately done. English, 10d. per 1,000 Words. French and German, in Roman characters, 1s. 3d. per 1,000. French Translated. Samples and references.—Miss E. M., 15, Mortimer Crescent, N.W.

TYPE-WRITING work of every description done with accuracy and despatch. Author's MSs., Technical and Legal Copying, Indexing, Specifications, Tracing, Translating, Addressing, Type-written Mimeographed Copies, &c., &c.—The Misses E. & J. PUTZ, 425, Mansion House Chambers, London, E.C.

LITERARY RESEARCH.—A Gentleman, experienced in Literary Work, and who has access to the British Museum Reading Room, is open to arrange with Author or any person requiring assistance in Literary Research, or in seeing Work through the Press. Translations undertaken from French, Italian, or Spanish.—Apply, by letter, to D. G. DALLAS, 5, Farnival Street, London E.C.

FOR SALE.

Advertisements are inserted under this heading at 4d. per line, prepaid.

PREHISTORIC FLINT IMPLEMENTS.—A Gentleman living in locality where these are found would procure them for Collectors. Has also a collection to sell.—Address P. F. L., THE ACADEMY Office, 43, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

(Advertisements in this column are inserted at 4d. per line, prepaid.)

WANTED.—Copies of "THE ACADEMY" for 11th JANUARY, 1898. Full price (3d. per copy) paid.—Apply ACADEMY Office, 43, Chancery Lane, London.

WANT WATER COLOURS.—T. B. Hardy—R. W. Fraser, 1892-7—Tully Lott—R. Wane—Shalders—Rowbotham—Louise Rayner. Also choice Books, including Dickens, 30 vols., originals or reprint (circa 1878).—THOMSON, Fenwick Street, Manchester.

ROYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.

TUESDAY NEXT, April 19, at 3 o'clock.—THOMAS COOPER GOTCH, Esq.—FIRST of TWO LECTURES on "PHASES of ART: PAST and PRESENT." One Guinea the Course.

THURSDAY, April 21, at 3 o'clock.—The Rev. Canon AINGER, M.A., LL.D.—FIRST of THREE LECTURES on "SOME LEADERS in the POETIC REVIVAL of 1790-1820—COWPER, BURNS, and SCOTT." Half-a-Guinea.

SATURDAY, April 23, at 3 o'clock.—Sir WALTER PARRATT, Mus. Doc., Master of the Queen's Music.—FIRST of FOUR LECTURES on "PROGRAMME MUSIC" (with Musical Illustrations). Half-a-Guinea.

Subscription to all the Courses in the Season, Two Guineas.

FRIDAY, April 23rd, at 9 o'clock.—W. H. M. CHRISTIE, Esq., O.E., M.A., F.R.S., on "THE RECENT ECLIPSE."

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY. (Incorporated by Royal Charter.)

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

President—The Right Hon. Sir M. E. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I.

THURSDAY, April 21st, at 5 p.m., at the MUSEUM of PRACTICAL GEOLOGY, Jermyn Street, S.W., the following Paper will be read:—THE MEETING of the DUKE of MALLBOROUGH and CHARLES XII. at ALTRANSTADT, APRIL, 1707, by Mr. A. E. STAMP, B.A.

HUBERT HALL, Director and Hon. Sec. 115, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

A COURSE of TEN POPULAR LECTURES on "AMPHIBIANS and REPTILES" will be delivered in the LECTURE ROOM in the Society's Gardens, Regent's Park, on THURSDAYS, at 5 p.m., commencing April 21st, by Mr. F. E. BEDDARD, M.A., F.R.S., Professor to the Society. Tickets for the whole Course, including Entrance to the Gardens, 10s. each; or 1s. each Lecture, not including Entrance, can be obtained on application to the Secretary, 3, Hanover Square, W.; the Shilling Tickets can also be had of the Clerk, at the Kiosk in the Gardens. Fellows are admitted free.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and SCHOOL.

The SUMMER SESSION will begin on MAY 2nd, 1898. Students can reside in the College within the Hospital walls, subject to the collegiate regulations. The Hospital contains a service of 750 beds. Scholarships and Prizes of the aggregate value of nearly £300 are awarded annually. The Medical School contains large Lecture Rooms and well-appointed Laboratories for Practical Teaching, as well as Dissecting Rooms, Museum, Library, &c. A large Recreation Ground has recently been purchased. For further particulars apply, personally or by letter, to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C. A Handbook forwarded on application.

ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE, COOPER'S HILL, STAINES.

The course of study is arranged to fit an engineer for employment in Europe India, and the Colonies. About 40 Students will be admitted in September, 1898. The Secretary of State will offer them for competition 12 Appointments as Assistant Engineers in the Public Works Department, and three Appointments as Assistant Superintendents in the Telegraphic Department, one in the Accounts Branch F. W. D., and one in the Traffic Department, Indian State Railways.

For particulars, apply to SECRETARY at College.

WANTED.—English GIRL, to join three others, aged 18, who are studying French, Music, Singing, Painting in FRANCE, in charge of an unexceptional English Chaperon. Highest references given and required. Terms for Pension and French instruction, 50 Guineas a quarter.—CHAPERON, Offices of THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

CARRIAGES INSURED AGAINST ACCIDENTS

caused by Collision, the Falling, Bolting or Kicking of Horses, or by being Run into by other Vehicles. Policies issued for the Year or Season only. Prospectuses post free.—IMPERIAL ACCIDENT, LIFE STOCK and GENERAL INSURANCE Co., Ltd., 17, Pall Mall East, London, S.W. Agents wanted.

Just issued. 300 pp., 7s. 6d.

THE PROCESS of CREATION DISCOVERED: or, the Self-Evolution of the Earth and Universe by Natural Causes. By JAMES DUNBAR.

The publishers would particularly direct the attention of scientists and the learned to the salient points of the new theory of Evolution of which this work treats. In regard to the evolution, mechanism, and phenomena presented by the sun, the author urges that his theory is infinitely superior to that of the nebular hypothesis, and that in its application to the earth it is capable of absolute demonstration.

London: WATTS & Co., 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

TO WEALTHY PATRONS of ART and BELLES LETTRES.

A Gentleman engaged in producing a GREAT WORK, indispensable to Students of English Literature throughout the civilised world, requires FINANCING to a very moderate extent. The Work has met, so far as it has at present gone, with the highest approval of eminent experts. Guaranteed sale of small edition.—Apply by letter (Principals or Solicitors only) to X., care of Messrs. Steadman & Van Praagh, Solicitors, 23, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of all the BEST

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, RUSSIAN, AND SPANISH BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum. N.B.—Two or Three Friends may unite in ONE SUBSCRIPTION and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Town and Village Clubs supplied on Liberal Terms.

Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

NOW OFFERED AT

Greatly Reduced Prices.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST (100 pp.)

Sent Gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains: POPULAR WORKS in TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, and FICTION. Also NEW and SURPLUS Copies of FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, and SPANISH BOOKS.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, Limited.

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET; 241, BRIMPTON ROAD, S.W.; 48, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.; and at BAXTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

MESSRS. J. C. DRUMMOND & CO.,

ART REPRODUCERS,

14, HENRIETTA STREET COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

Are the sole representatives in Great Britain of

HERR HANFSTAENGL, of Munich.

The well-known Artist in PHOTOGRAPHY now patronised by the leading London Art Publishing Firms. A large Collection of important Plates always on view.

PROCESS BLOCKS FOR THE PURPOSE OF ORDINARY BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS.

MESSRS. DRUMMOND & CO. supply the cheapest and best Processes in the market, which are specially adapted to meet the wants of Antiquarians, Archaeologists, and those engaged in the investigation and publication of Parochial and Diocesan Records.

Specimens and Price List on application.

Offices: 14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

TWO-AND-A-HALF per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS repayable on demand.

TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100.

STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums on deposit and allows interest monthly on each completed £1.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE

FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH.

BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.

HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND

FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

New Edition of W. M. Thackeray's Works

To be issued in Thirteen Monthly Volumes, large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL EDITION

OF

W. M. THACKERAY'S COMPLETE WORKS.

This New and Revised Edition comprises

Additional Material and hitherto Unpublished Letters, Sketches, and Drawings,

Derived from the Author's Original Manuscripts and Note-Books.

AND EACH VOLUME WILL INCLUDE A MEMOIR IN THE FORM OF AN INTRODUCTION.

By Mrs. RICHMOND RITCHIE.

Vol. I., containing "VANITY FAIR," with 20 Full Page Illustrations, 11 Woodcuts, a Facsimile Letter, and a New Portrait IS NOW READY.

And a volume will be issued each subsequent month, so that the entire Edition will be completed on April 15th, 1899.

*. A Prospectus of the Edition, with Specimen Pages, will be sent post free on application.

MR. GREGORY'S LETTER-BOX, 1813-30.

Edited by Lady GREGORY.

With a Portrait. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d.

From the *Athenæum*.—"This is a delightful book, which places the reader on terms of respectful intimacy with great personages, and instructs him in the easiest manner conceivable about momentous events."

From the *World*.—"Lady Gregory's pages bristle with good stories. Indeed, the great difficulty of a reviewer in dealing with this fascinating book is the plethora of good things that clamour for quotation."

GARDNER'S HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE and SICK-ROOM GUIDE:

A Description of the Means of Preserving Health, and the Treatment of Diseases, Injuries, and Emergencies.

Revised and expressly Adapted for the Use of Families, Missionaries, and Colonists.

By W. H. C. STAVELEY, F.R.C.S. England. THIRTEENTH and CHEAPER EDITION, with numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 6s. 6d.

"Fully succeeds in its object, and is essentially practical in its execution."—*Lancet*.

EGYPT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY;

Or, Mehemet Ali and his Successors until the British Occupation in 1882.

By DONALD A. CAMERON,

H.B.M.'s Consul at Port Said. With a Map. Post 8vo, 6s.

From the *Times*.—"A valuable handbook to the subject. Mr. Cameron has the rare gift of knowing what to leave out, and instead of confusing his pages with unimportant details he presents a clear outline picture filled in just enough to put the reader in possession of the necessary points."

From the *Athenæum*.—"Mr. Cameron has produced in a small compass an interesting and, in parts, even brilliant epitome of the leading events of Egyptian history from the French to the British occupation, 1798 to 1882."

NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED TO-DAY.—Crown 8vo, 6s.

SENORITA MONTENAR.

By ARCHER P. CROUCH,

Author of "On a Surf-bound Coast," "Glimpses of Feverland," "Captain Enderis," &c.

A SOLDIER of MANHATTAN, and HIS ADVENTURES at TICONDEROGA and QUEBEC. By J. A. ALTSHELER, Author of "The Sun of Saratoga." Crown 8vo, 6s.

From the *Academy*.—"A dashing tale of war, love, and adventure."

From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.—"A right good story. The excitement is consistently sustained."

London:

SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

NOW READY.

Demy 8vo, cloth, price 12s. 6d.

ARISTOCRACY AND EVOLUTION

A Study of the Rights, the Origin, and the Social Functions of the Wealthier Classes.

BY

W. H. MALLOCK,

Author of "Labour and the Popular Welfare," "Classes and Masses," &c.

"He does not envelop the subject in a cloud of philosophic phraseology, he is always lucid and orderly, and he relieves his argument by welcome touches of satire and humour. His last book shows no deficiency in these qualities, and it is also perhaps the most complete and sustained effort of reasoning which he has so far produced."—*Literature*.

HIS GRACE o' the GUNNE By

I. HOOPER, Author of "A Singer of Marly." Crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

"Really a clever, entertaining volume. No common piece of work."—*Athenæum*.

THE DREAM CHARLOTTE. By

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

"A tale of rare imaginative beauty. Needless to say, the literary charm of the book is great, and the atmosphere of the story true to its historical setting."—*Dunlop's Advertiser*.

A MODERN CRUSADER. By Sophie

F. F. VEITCH. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

"But all the novel is replete with animation and with variety of interest and incident."—*The Times*.

WHO'S WHO, 1898. An Annual Bio-

graphical Dictionary. Fifth Year of Issue. Containing 1,143 New Biographies. In crown 8vo, 864 pages, bound in cloth gilt, with gilt edges and rounded corners, price 3s. 6d. net.

"This is undoubtedly the handiest biographical dictionary and compendium of information, referring to prominent persons and their doings, in existence."—*Nature*.

THE VITALITY of CHRISTIAN

DOGMAS, and THEIR POWER of EVOLUTION.

By A. SABATIER, D.D., Dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology, Paris. Translated by Mrs. EM. CHRISTEN. With Preface by the Very Reverend the Hon. W. H. FREMANTLE, D.D., Dean of Ripon. Crown 8vo, 96 pages, cloth, price 1s. 6d. net.

"Is really a gem of theological constructive criticism. With marvellous lucidity and penetration Dr. Sabatier states for us here the philosophy and natural history of the dogma, its position and use in the Christian evolution."—*Christian World*.

THE STORY of GLADSTONE'S LIFE.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. Containing 45 Illustrations, mostly Page Portraits, representing Mr. Gladstone at different periods. In 1 vol., extra crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, price 7s. 6d.

"This is a charmingly written sketch of Mr. Gladstone's public career, with some interesting glimpses at the same time into his private life."—*The Observer*.

PRINCIPLES of POLITICAL

ECONOMY. Book III. Vol. II. By Prof. J. SHIELD NICHOLSON. Demy 8vo, cloth, price 12s. 6d.

"The new volume is marked by the same robust practicality and independence of judgment that gave value to its predecessor. The book is one to be heartily commended to the student, the business man, and the politician."—*Literary World*.

A. & C. BLACK, Soho Square, London.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS

THROUGH the GOLD-FIELDS of ALASKA to BERING STRAITS. By HARRY DE WINDT. With a Map and 33 Full-Page Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 18s.

THE LIFE of NAPOLEON III. By Archibald FORBES. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 23 Full-Page Illustrations. SECOND EDITION. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 12s.

A LOWDEN SABBATH MORN. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. With 27 Full-Page Illustrations by A. S. Boyd. Fcap. 4to, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

A RACE for MILLIONS. By David Christie MURRAY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. [April 21.]

TALES of TRAIL and TOWN. By Bret HARTE. With a Frontispiece by G. F. Jacomb-Hood. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

LOVING. By Mrs. Hungerford, Author of "A Modern Circe," &c. CHEAPER EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

NEW THREE-AND-SIXPENNY NOVELS.

PARIS. By E. ZOLA. Translated by E. A. VENTRELLY.

THE DISASTER. By P. and V. MARGUERITE. Translated by F. LEES.

THE SECRET of WYVERN TOWER. By T. W. BRIGHT, Author of "The Mysteries of Heron Dyke."

IN the MIDST of LIFE. By AMBROSE BIERCE.

GETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE. By HAROLD FREDERIC.

THE LAWTON GIRL. By HAROLD FREDERIC. With Frontispiece by F. Barnard.

TALES of TRAIL and TOWN. By Bret HARTE. With a Frontispiece by Jacomb-Hood.

TRUE BLUE; or, "The Lass that Loved a Sailor." By HERBERT RUSSELL.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

THE HERITAGE of EVE. By H. H. SPRETTGUM. [April 21.]

FORTUNE'S GATE. By ALAN ST. AUBYN, Author of "A Fellow of Trinity."

A WOMAN WORTH WINNING. By G. MANVILLE FENN, Author of "The White Virgin."

COLONEL THORNDYKE'S SECRET. By G. A. HENRY, Author of "Rujub the Juggler."

WAS SHE JUSTIFIED? By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Folly Morrison," &c.

MISS BALMAINE'S PAST. By B. M. CROKER, Author of "Beyond the Pale," &c.

A WOMAN TEMPTED. By WILLIAM WESTALL, Author of "With the Red Eagle," &c.

A MODERN DICK WHITTINGTON; or, A Pair of Letters. By JAMES PAYN, Author of "Lost Sir Marmaduke." A NEW EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth 3s. 6d. [April 28.]

NEW TWO-SHILLING NOVELS.

LADY KILPATRICK. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. [April 18.]

BY WOMAN'S WIT. By Mrs. ALEXANDER. [April 21.]

IS HE THE MAN? By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

THE CHRONICLES of MICHAEL DANEVITCH. By DICK DONOVAN.

UNDER SEALED ORDERS. By GRANT ALLEN.

ROGUES and VAGABONDS. By G. R. SIMS.

THE REVOLT of MAN. By Sir WALTER BESANT.

CHEAPER EDITIONS.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

DEAN SWIFT'S CHOICE WORKS in

Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles.

CHARLES LAMB'S COMPLETE WORKS,

including "Poetry for Children" and "Fables for Dummies." With 2

Portraits and a Facsimile.

THOMAS HOOD'S CHOICE WORKS in

Prose and Verse. With Life, Portrait, and 200 Illustrations.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN'S COMPLETE WORKS. With Life, Anecdotes, and 10 Full-Page Illustrations.

ARTEMUS WARD'S COMPLETE WORKS.

With Portrait and Facsimile.

BRET HARTE'S CHOICE WORKS in

Prose and Verse. With Portrait and 40 Illustrations.

THACKERAYANA: Notes and Anecdotes.

With Coloured Frontispiece and Hundreds of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE MACLISE PORTRAIT GALLERY of

ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS. 85 Portraits by DANIEL MACLISE. With Memoirs by WILLIAM BATES, B.A.

GEORGE COLMAN'S HUMOROUS WORKS

"Broad Grins," "My Nightgown and Slippers," &c. With Life and Frontispiece.

THE LIFE of GEORGE ORRICKSHANK.

By BLANCHARD JERROLD. With 84 Illustrations and a Bibliography.

STRUTT'S SPORTS and PASTIMES of the

PEOPLE of ENGLAND. Edited by WILLIAM HONE. With 140 Illustrations.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE: a Practical

Guide for Selecting or Building a House. By C. J. RICHARDSON.

With Coloured Frontispiece and 584 Illustrations.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane W.C.

CONTENTS.

REVIEWS:	PAGE
The Romance of a Rock	411
The French Revolution through American Spectacles	412
The Rifle and the Pen	412
Rome and Canterbury	413
The Building of the Empire	414
A Baboo's Jest	414
BRIEFER MENTION	415
THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT	417-420
NOTES AND NEWS	421
JONATHAN SWIFT	423
THREE BARDS OF THE BUSH: L. HENRY LAWSON	424
PURE FABLES	425
PARIS LETTER	426
THE WEEK	426
THE BOOK MARKET	427
DRAMA	428
BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED	429
BOOKS RECEIVED	430

REVIEWS.

THE ROMANCE OF A ROCK.

A Memoir of Major-General Sir Henry Cresswicke Rawlinson, Bart. By Canon George Rawlinson. (Longmans & Co.)

THE subject of this memoir went to India as a cadet at the age of seventeen, and six years later became staff-officer to the small band of Englishmen sent by the Company to Persia to instruct the Shah's army in European drill. He returned to India in time to take part in the Afghan war of 1839, and as political officer helped to successfully defend Candahar against Mirza Ahmed's troops. At the end of the war, he was appointed by Lord Ellenborough British Resident at Bagdad, holding that post till 1855. On resigning the Company's service, he was nominated a Crown director, and soon after entered Parliament, returning to Persia for a few months in 1859 as Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary. He resigned this post when Lord John Russell transferred the control of our relations with Persia from the India to the Foreign Office, and remained in England to marry and settle down until he died, full of years and honours, in 1895.

So far, there is nothing to distinguish Sir Henry Rawlinson from the hundreds of cadets of good family whose services have always been, happily for us, at the disposal of the Queen in building up our great empire in the East. To most newspaper readers of the present day he will be remembered only as the constant attendant of Shah Nasr-ed-din during his first visit to England, and as one of the most strenuous advocates of a policy of resistance to Russia's advance toward India. Yet his most famous achievement is quite unconnected with either war or diplomacy, and may make his name immortal when our squabbles with Persian, Afghan, and Russian—nay, even our occupation of India—have ceased to be remembered. The story is so romantic that one is tempted in telling it to travel a long way from the sober narrative of the volume before us.

Young Rawlinson had, from the outset of his career, a taste for the history

and antiquities of Persia, a leaning which he himself attributed to his conversations with Sir John Malcolm on his first passage to India, and when with the Shah's army he chanced to be quartered at Kirmanshah in Persian Kurdistan. Close to this stands the Rock of Behistun, bearing on its face a trilingual inscription which we now know to be due to Darius Hystaspis, the restorer of Cyrus' empire. The cuneiform or wedge-shaped letters in which it is written had long baffled all attempts to decipher them, Prof. Grotefend, of Copenhagen, having perhaps come nearest to their solution. Some part of this difficulty was no doubt due to imperfect transcription; but about 1836 Rawlinson contrived—as his brother says, at the risk of life and limb—to climb the almost inaccessible face of the rock, and to copy the easiest of the three versions of the inscription. A prolonged study of it enabled him to pronounce it to be in the Persian language, and in 1838 he succeeded in discovering the system by which the Persian words were reproduced in cuneiform characters. The publication of the result in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society brought him the honorary membership of half the learned societies in Europe, together with the assistance from older Orientalists which men of science do not always bestow upon their younger brethren. This success spurred him on to fresh endeavours, and eleven years later he paid another visit to Behistun, and managed, with native help, to obtain a cast of another text which had hitherto been supposed to be out of human reach. This turned out to be a translation of the first, still in cuneiform characters, but in the Babylonian language; and the insight into the Babylonian syllabary thus obtained enabled the discoverer to translate most of the inscriptions which his friend Layard had even then commenced to dig up on the site of the ancient Nineveh. The consequences reached further than either explorer could have expected. Cuneiform texts came to the surface in ever-increasing numbers, and as they were deciphered, historical documents of an antiquity of which no one had till then ventured to dream sprang to light. Archaeologists had hardly managed to digest the evidence of a high civilisation among the Semitic races of Assyria and Babylonia, when it became plain that this was but a legacy from the Sumerian (or, as they were at first called, the "Akkadian") inhabitants of Mongoloid stock, with whom the Semites had early intermingled. Every fresh excavation pushed the ascertainable dates of history further back, until the recent American expedition to Babylonia (see the *ACADEMY* of September 15, 1897) obtained tablets relating to historical events occurring in 6000 B.C., or 1,000 years before the highest date to which Egyptian history has ever been guessed to extend. To a generation which had been taught to believe that the Jews, or perhaps the Chinese, were the first nation to emerge from the savage state, such discoveries may well have seemed incredible.

This, however, may be thought at first sight to be an academic matter which can only affect university professors or curators

of museums; but almost the exact contrary is the case. In theology alone the Assyriological discoveries have worked a change so profound that had it not taken place almost silently, it would long ago have been hailed as a revolution. There is no need to recapitulate all the theories of Biblical inspiration which have been held, from the position of the enlightened Catholic who held, like Philo, that the religious value of the Pentateuch was chiefly allegorical, down to that of the sturdy Protestant who believed, like Akiba, that every word of it was in a special way dictated by God, and written down in his own hand by Moses himself. It is sufficient to say that, before the decipherment of the cuneiform texts, the legends of the Creation, the institution of the Sabbath, the Garden of Eden, the Fall of man, and the Deluge were considered by Christians of every sect to be parts of a history revealed only to the Jewish nation and preserved among them by supernatural means. But now that it has been shown that all these stories, with many accompaniments derived from their polytheistic religion, were inscribed on clay tablets by the early inhabitants of Babylonia thousands of years before Moses could have existed, it is impossible, in the words of one of the most determined opponents of the Higher Criticism, to blind ourselves to the fact that "the narrative is ultimately of Babylonian origin." So, too, the recovery of the annals of the kings who reigned at Nineveh and Babylon during the period covered by the Historical Books have proved the Old Testament—not, indeed, to be untrue (for, in fact, all late discoveries have abundantly verified its substantial accuracy)—but to contain errors and omissions which make it impossible for anyone acquainted with the facts any longer to uphold the doctrine of verbal inspiration. While, if this is the case with theology, quite as sweeping a change has taken place in the historical sciences. So far from the history of the ancient world beginning with Herodotus, we can now produce the chronicles of empires more highly organised than was ever any Greek state—extending from the Tigris to the Mediterranean, and going back to dates millennia before that which our fathers used to assign for the earliest appearance of man upon the earth. In the presence of such facts, we feel as the præ-Copernican astronomers would have done had they learned that the earth was not the centre of the universe, but only a tiny and unimportant speck in it. Yet all these changes of thought are directly due to Rawlinson's climb up the face of the Behistun rock.

No pains seem to have been spared to make Canon Rawlinson's Memoir of his great brother a worthy record, and, while Lord Roberts prefixes to it an introduction in which, as may be expected, the late Afridi rising and Sir Henry's warnings as to the future of Afghanistan figure largely, the present Baronet contributes a chapter of reminiscences of his father's private life. The task of compilation has not been an easy one, for Sir Henry seems to have kept diaries only in a spasmodic and disjointed fashion, and to have been a bad hand at

preserving correspondence, but in the result he stands out clearly as one of the best types of the English soldier-statesman. Carrying into his abstruse studies the dash which had distinguished him in the field, he was yet too much a man of the world to allow himself to become absorbed by them; and it is recorded that his greatest work, *The Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia*, became, before it left the press, almost intolerably irksome to its editor. As an official he was both active and conscientious, never hesitating to resign a post directly he thought he could not fill it efficiently, and never sacrificing what he considered to be the public interest to party convenience. He seems, too, to have borne his honours with grace, and to have been popular with all classes of society; while himself scrupulously just and honourable, nothing ruffled him but some trace of meanness or dishonour in those he had to deal with.

All this and much more can be found in the present memoir, and Sir Henry Rawlinson seems to have been as lucky in his biographer as in everything else. Luck was, indeed, the never-failing attendant of his life; and though lucky in his career, in his marriage, and in all his undertakings, he was never more lucky than in seeing the science of which he laid the foundation spring into vigorous life. Almost alone among the pioneers of science, he had not to leave the care of his fame to posterity, but reaped its full reward during his own life.

"Happier than our own 'Champleon,'" said M. Maspero in pronouncing his elegy to the *Académie des Inscriptions*, "he had the good fortune to live long enough to assist at the full blossoming of the science he created. If he had a long and hard struggle before being certain of victory, at least he was able to enjoy for a long time the glory which it gave him, and which was his due."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION THROUGH AMERICAN SPECTACLES.

Contemporary American Opinion of the French Revolution. By Charles Downes Hazen. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.)

THE larger part of this work is composed of extracts from the diaries and correspondence of the three Ministers who successively represented the United States in Paris during the stormy period from 1784 to 1796. All three were men of ability and distinction—Thomas Jefferson, Governor Morris, and James Monroe. All three had intimate opportunities of watching close at hand the great changes which were passing over France, and their letters, while curiously reflecting the separate idiosyncrasies of the writers, present a series of pictures which are of singular interest. Jefferson, flamboyant, humanitarian and theoretical, is ready on *a priori* grounds against kings and priests and nobles; and yet when he travels over France and examines the condition of the peasantry has very little

to find fault with. Certainly, there is no trace at all in his despatches of the angry unhappiness which made Arthur Young cry out against "the glittering beings" whose neglect and oppression was answerable for the misery he saw through miles of country. While Young was exclaiming, "Oh! if I was the legislator of France for a day I would make the great lords skip again," Jefferson was expressing his surprise at finding the people so comparatively well off. It was only when he was thinking, not of the condition of French agriculture, but of the French Monarchy, that he would record that the nation was "ground to powder by the vices of the form of government." From first to last he took an optimistic view of the changes which were taking place before his eyes, and leaving France within a few weeks of the taking of the Bastille, believed that the transfer of supreme power from king to people would be happily effected without bloodshed. Some of his letters are written with considerable pungency of style. Speaking of the edict emancipating the Protestants, he writes:

"The long delayed edict of the Protestants at length appears here. It is an acknowledgment that Protestants may beget children, and that they can die and be offensive, unless buried. It does not give them permission to think, to speak, or to worship. What are we to think of the condition of the human mind in a country where such a wretched thing as this has thrown the State into convulsions, and how must we bless our own situation in a country, the most illiterate peasant of which is a Solon compared with the authors of this law."

In view of Jefferson's tremendous denunciations of Marie Antoinette in his biography written thirty years' later, it is interesting to note what he had to say at the time. In May, 1788, he writes: "The king, long in the habit of drowning his cares in wine, plunges deeper and deeper, the queen cries, but sins on." On another occasion, he says, "The queen and the princes are infatuated enough to hazard almost anything." Certainly his letters contain very little to support the opinion of his old age, that if the queen could have been shut up in a convent there would have been no revolution. Of the king, he always speaks as of a man meaning very well, but too weak to be trusted of anyone. It is noticeable that Jefferson, in spite of his somewhat violent Republican theories, was always ready in practice to counsel moderation and caution, and, early in 1779, was of opinion that the people had "had as full a measure of liberty dealt out to them as they could bear."

Jefferson was succeeded by a man of a very different temperament. Governor Morris was essentially conservative in his bias, and his letters to Washington show a very clear appreciation of the political situation. He was a friend to monarchy as an institution, believing that it was the form of government most in harmony with the traditions of the French people. This view was certainly not determined by any excessive regard for the king. Writing to Washington, in 1790, he declares that the royal cause might still be retrieved if Louis

were not "the small-beer character he is." "But what will you have from a creature who, situated as he is, eats and drinks and sleeps well, and laughs and is as merry a grig as lives." Morris gives graphic descriptions of the proceedings of the Assembly, and numerous instances of the theatrical dilettantism which marked its debates. Some of these are sufficiently comic. On one occasion, when the subject of discussion was a proposal by Necker for a national bank, a deputy "took it into his head to move that every member should give his silver buckles, which was agreed to at once, and the honourable member laid his upon the table, after which the business went on again. It is difficult to guess whereabouts the flock will settle when it flies so wild. . . ." Writing just before the trial of the king, Morris foretells the result correctly, and bases his prediction upon the fact that all parties desire the death of the king. He explains that all the monarchical and aristocratic parties join with the Jacobins on this point, believing "that such a catastrophe would shock the national feelings, awaken their hereditary attachment, and turn into channels of loyalty the impetuous tide of opinion." Shrewd as Morris showed himself in his observation of political events, he shared the common illusion of the time as to the weakness of the armies of the Republic, and expected the speedy success of the allied kings.

The appointment of James Monroe as Morris's successor in Paris, shortly after the fall of Robespierre, represents a famous passage in the history of American diplomacy which need not detain us here. Monroe was a wild admirer of the Revolution, and the apologist for some of its worst excesses, and watched the early triumphs of Napoleon without a suspicion of what the end was to be. His indiscretions caused his recall within less than two years. When he took his leave in 1796 the President of the Directory exclaimed, "The French Republic expects that the successors of Columbus, Raleigh and Penn, always proud of their liberty, will never forget that they owe it to France." And to this half truth the American might have replied with another, that the debt was already repaid, that it was the alliance with the revolted colonies which had undone the foundations of the monarchy of France.

THE RIFLE AND THE PEN.

Elephant Hunting in East Equatorial Africa.
By Arthur H. Neumann. (Rowland Ward.)

It is a sign of these literary times that a man who has hunted and shot elephants should think it necessary to write a book about it. One would suppose that of all persons he might be excused. Yet apparently it is not so; and here we have a volume of 456 spacious pages, and many illustrations, devoted entirely to the account of the author's career as a slaughterer. It matters

nothing that, however well he may be able to pull a trigger, he cannot write anything but ordinary commercial English, that he has no eyes for the curious, no interest in racial problems. Here is the book all the same. There are, of course, hunters of big game whose records are to be treasured—Mr. Selous, for example, a keen observer of men and nature, a student of politics and customs; but not such is Mr. Neumann, who is a hunter pure and simple. He seems, moreover, to be a hunter attended by extraordinary luck. It is true that in the part of Africa in which he travelled—among the Ndorobo savages of the Lorogi mountains, which lie north of Uganda, midway between Lake Rudolph and Mount Kenia—he was among the first to pursue his trade; but the impression left by his volume is that game was both plentiful, easily found, and easily killed.

When a man has nothing to offer his readers but the story of how he shot his big game, his book must necessarily become monotonous. Mr. Neumann's book is one of the most monotonous that we have ever read. A schoolboy's diary—"Got up, washed, had breakfast," and so on, day after day—is hardly less coloured. How many rhinoceroses and elephants Mr. Neumann slew we cannot say, but he must have been responsible for ridding Africa of some scores. The contest was horribly one-sided. Mr. Neumann carried a double .577, a single .450, a .250 rook rifle, a shot-gun, a Martini-Henry, which he called his "cripple-stopper," and a Lee-Metford, and his aim was deadly. Once, indeed, Mr. Neumann was in danger of his life; but he escaped comparatively unhurt. Against that single misadventure we put the photographs of his stores of tusks, and register the opinion that, although ivory hunters may be the most estimable class of men, they should not be called upon to magnify their prowess in print. This is how the first elephant of the trip was killed:

"She was, however, facing me, her great ears stretched out or slowly flapping. I could only see her head and my object was to get a temple shot. I waited, I think not less than a quarter of an hour for her to turn her head. Once I tried to sneak round farther, but she and another next to her started and I slunk back. I suppose an eddy of wind gave them a slight whiff of me, or they may have heard me moving; probably the latter, as they were not sufficiently alarmed to move when I kept still again. I was not more than ten paces from the one in front of me, I should say, and meditated the advisability of putting my bullet right into her eye (which I felt sure I could do), but being uncertain whether such a shot would be fatal from my position, and feeling that my reputation as a hunter, both with my own men and the natives of the country, would be blasted at the outset should I make a failure of my first chance at elephants, I waited till my arms ached again with holding my heavy gun at the ready. At last, however, she did give me the longed-for chance, and I instantly put a ball between the eye and the ear, dropping her like a stone."

Mr. Neumann, although nominally an elephant hunter, was not bigoted. He never let a rhinoceros pass without trying for it, and zebras and gazelles, lions and giraffes

were all considered fair game. Here is a taste of his unofficial manner:

"Another day I came back to this plain to try to get a shot at the ostriches. I failed to get near them, but, while trying, a giraffe came towards me—apparently not seeing me, or mistaking me for something harmless, so I sat still till it had walked a little past, some 150 yards off, so that the solid bullet I sent into its ribs from my little Gibbs .450 might travel forward. It galloped violently for about 200 yards, and then, after staggering a little, plunged head first, its hind-quarters curiously standing up for a second or two after its neck was on the ground. It is not often one has the chance of seeing a giraffe fall plainly, as they are generally shot among bush. More often they, like most animals, fall backwards when mortally wounded."

On another occasion, Mr. Neumann shot two lionesses, after having been baulked of one in the following inconsiderate manner: "I tried to get a shot, but it would not wait, and with an irritable swing or two round and up of its tail, and sulky growls, made off into the bush before I could get near enough." However, the sportsman soon after found two others and slew them. While he was examining one of his victims, he heard a growl and, looking round, saw that the other was not yet actually dead. "I at once gave her a raking shot from in front of and above her, finishing her tough life; but before going right up to her and kicking her, I chucked a stone on to her head as a test." To have killed the creature was enough. She might have been spared this further indignity of description.

Just at the end of his book, Mr. Neumann bethought him that possibly the Ndorobo might have interest for some readers, and he offers a page or so describing their characteristics. There is a pleasant hint of irony in the following passage:

"In contrast with the natives of Southern Africa, who cannot be said to have any notion of a Supreme Being, these have a distinct belief in God, and ascribe all events to His ordering. Asked what they know of Him, they told me: 'We only know that He made all things. If it rains, we say it is God; when the wind blows, we say here, too, is God; and when the white man comes, we say this again is God's doing.'"

Here let us leave our gallant hunter.

ROME AND CANTERBURY.

A Vindication of the Bull "Apostolica Cura."

By the Archbishop and Bishops of the Diocese of Westminster. (Longmans.)

It may be surmised that, for the present at least, this controversy is laid to rest. What has happened has been this: Representatives of the High Church party made indirect overtures to Rome for the reconsideration of the question of Anglican orders. Are the orders of the Anglican Church orders in the sense of the Roman Catholic Church? Do they, that is, imprint an ineffaceable character upon the soul of the recipient, and invest him with a supernatural power of effecting the change of bread and wine into the body

and blood of Christ in which consists the sacrifice of the New Law?—or is the ordination service merely a formal commission to read the Book of Common Prayer in the congregation? These were the questions laid before the Papal tribunal. Rome took the matter in hand, considered and weighed, finally gave her decision. Said the Pope in the Bull *Apostolica Cura*: The immutable principles of the Church's theological science do not permit us to regard your orders as a sacramental thing. Setting aside the controversy as to a breach in the line of the succession—granting, if you will, that Parker was consecrated according to some rite, since the controversy upon that point seems infinite—we find that the changes by which the Anglican ordinal was evolved from the Catholic rite, which it superseded, were all in one direction. They all tended to eliminate every expression which implied the power of sacrifice as inherent in the priestly office. The published writings of your founders, and the construction of your office for the celebration of Holy Communion, are in harmony with this change in the ordination services. It is clear to us, then, that the intention of the Anglican Church in the bestowal of (what it calls) orders positively excludes the sacrificial notion, which to us is the whole *raison d'être* of the priesthood. Therefore Anglican ordinations are (according to the principles of our theology—principles which must be taken as established) absolutely null and void from the beginning.

The Anglican Primates of England undertook to reply, and they set before themselves a difficult task. They had to convince the Catholic Bishops of Christendom, to whom their letter was addressed, that the Pope was mistaken in his estimate of the Anglican teaching upon the Eucharist—that their Church does in fact teach, and has ever taught, the real presence and the mystical unbloody sacrifice. At the same time they must make it clear to the evangelical and latitudinarian sections of their own communion that they stand fast by the traditional principles of the Reformation. And this is what we mean when we say that the controversy has a comic side. The attempt seems all of a piece with the policy popularly called "jesuitry"; and here you have the popish disputants sweeping away sophistries and demanding a plain answer (though, surely, not simple enough to expect one) to a straightforward question. After quoting certain of the Archbishops' equivocal words, "These phrases," they say,

"which are somewhat inaccurately quoted from your First Prayer-book, you seem to be using in Cranmer's sense [receptionism]. . . . No doubt both these phrases might be understood in a more catholic sense. But it appears to us inconceivable that, if you had really wished to ascribe to your Church belief in a Real Objective Presence, you would have failed to say so with the utmost distinctness, for this is the very turning-point of the question. . . . If, then, we have mistaken your meaning in the passage referred to, will you frankly say so?"

That the Archbishops should give a direct reply to this question while their communion

notoriously embraces men of every shade of opinion between Zuinglianism and the Tridentine definition, was, of course, not to be expected. There was scope for speculation only as to the device by which the Metropolitans might pluck their feet out of the net. In their subsequent brief letter to the Archbishop of Westminster, "The Church of England," they write, "has clearly stated her position with respect to this doctrine [transubstantiation], and it is unnecessary to say that we heartily and firmly concur in the judgment which she has pronounced." Of course, the evasion lies in the use of the word transubstantiation, which in the main line of their argument the Roman bishops had been careful to avoid. For from the days of Tract XC. it has been open to members of the Church of England to hold that the Transubstantiation condemned in the Thirty-nine Articles connotes something else than the notion for which the Council of Trent adopted the word as the most fitting name. Thus the snare is broken and the Archbishops are delivered; and the scandal of an internal rupture is once more procrastinated. By a series of accidents the two communions have been brought as near as they are ever likely to approach each other. Henceforward they will go on their several ways: the older still piling up fresh consequences upon its old-world lore; the younger shaking off more and more the ties by which it is bound to a pre-scientific era, and assimilating with more and more alacrity the wisdom of the passing moment—the one growing stiffer in the assurance of a divine mission and the possession of final truth; the other relying always for continued life upon racial ties and its indefinite adaptability.

THE BUILDING OF THE EMPIRE.

The Building of the Empire. By Alfred Thomas Story. 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

To the task of adequately telling the story of England's growth from Elizabeth to Victoria the historian must bring a universal knowledge of modern history, a comprehensive grasp of detail, and a wide and statesmanlike insight into the past, the present, and the future. It would be exaggeration to say that Mr. Story has these qualifications; but, at any rate, he has written two very interesting volumes, and has sketched the lines which the historian of the empire will follow.

The primary cause of England's world-wide expansion is, of course, her island position in the spot most convenient for the departure of the trade routes from the Old World to the New; but only after the discovery of America did England's true mission in the world become apparent, and even then it was some time before she accidentally discovered her destiny. It was the loss of Calais which really turned England from a continental to a world-wide power. Mr. Story begins his book with the England of Elizabeth, and with

the splendid tale of the Queen's semi-authorised adventurers, who gradually broke the power of Spain, till then mistress of the sea. The Spaniards were the first adversaries of the empire-makers along the shores of America. Then we came into collision with the Portuguese in the Indies, where we gained a footing in 1611 by Captain Best's naval victory near Surat. After the Portuguese came the Dutch, whose interference with our trade among the islands forced us back on the mainland of India, where we took up the struggle with the French, with whom we fought out the race for empire, also, in America and the West Indies, until at the close of the Napoleonic wars the country had grasped its destiny and was supreme at sea.

Mr. Story has been overmastered by the very magnitude of his subject, which has rather depressed than inspired him. But Mr. Story gets entangled in the threads and smothered in a mass of detail. He has no steady grasp of his subject; the descriptions of the Elizabethan voyages are too full, and the reader is left to find out for himself their connexion with the growth of the empire. The same thing may be said of the first settlements in America, whose history is given without much regard to its reference to the great central idea.

Another defect of the work is that Mr. Story writes not as one who has had a share in the doing of great deeds, but from a sheltered and home-keeping point of view; and as empires are not made by squirting rose-water, this is not the attitude which will be taken up by the ideal historian when he appears. Drake and his fellow seamen were rough-and-ready men, living in rough-and-ready times, and many of their actions were not those of the drawing-room, but they hardly justify Mr. Story uttering such platitudes as:

"There is no need at this time of day for any apology for the motives and actions of the seamen of Elizabeth's age. They lived and fought as seemed to them best, and according to their lights and the circumstances in which they lived. . . . They might have done otherwise than they did if they had had our wisdom to guide them. But they were the rough children of a rude age, for the most part coarse and uncultured; nevertheless, they had that within them which made our later England possible."

Or a little later on, about Clive and Omichund:

"This is an attitude which has been too common in the past in the dealings of the English with subject races. In short, in the building up of the British Empire as it is to-day they have often enough sunk right in expediency; but if that Empire is to continue to stand, it will only be by buttressing it on every side with justice."

This is what the maiden aunt of the mid-Victorian period would have called "quite nice," and is evidently a salve to Mr. Story's conscience for having to write about such rude people. But while empire-making at a distance is to be gently reprobated, at close quarters it is evidently positively shocking. It will scarcely be believed that though Mr. Story professes to bring his work up to the present day, he does not even mention the

name of Mr. Rhodes, the greatest empire-maker of modern times, who has added territories as large as France to the British Empire. This will give the measure of Mr. Story's qualifications for dealing with so vast a subject. But in spite of his limitations he has produced a useful and suggestive book, which will fill the gap till the imperial historian comes. The volumes are well-illustrated with reproductions of old prints, which give, as nearly as possible, a contemporary representation of the events and scenes referred to.

A BABOO'S JEST.

The Stylography of the English Language. By Dr. Brojonath Shaha, I.M.S. (Calcutta: Patrick Press Co.)

DR. BROJONATH SHAHA is a learned pundit in the Indian Medical Service who has written books upon various subjects palpitating with actuality, such as "The Lushai Language," "Dehatmic Tattva," "Materio-Spiritualism," and "Capillary Bruit." In the midst of all this he has found time to make a jest. In a conversation between him and the head master of a Government boarding school at Rangamati, the latter expressed a very natural opinion that you cannot teach parsing and analysis to students who have not a previous knowledge of the meaning of the words of a sentence. Thereupon Dr. Brojonath Shaha went away and wrote a book to prove that you can. That is the jest. It is very funny. You do it by turning sentences into quasi-mathematical formulæ. The whole theory depends upon observation, "and scarcely any deeper intellectual consideration has been its scope." The elements of structure are two bricks or stones—the Noun-stone and the Verb-stone—and the first type of arrangement consists of the mono-simple sentence, which is "the alternate juxtaposition of the N and V bricks to the extent of the 9th Term—i.e., four and a-half pairs of them—unless increased by the same alternate arrangements by the addition of IV or IV | N and PV or PV | N—i.e., 10th, or 10th and 11th terms." From this easy beginning you work up with the aid of "joiners" and "sub-joiners" to Symmetrical Mono-grouped Conjunction, and to Complex of P by C Subordinate Coordinate. Ultimately—until it would appear, without a previous knowledge of the meaning of words in a sentence—you are able to express the first ten lines of the *Paradise Lost* as $P_2 \frac{3}{2} R_3 - 2 C_3 \frac{1}{2} N \frac{1}{2} 1 R_3 \ 3 R_3 \ 2 C_3$, and to answer an examination paper containing such questions as these:

"Write down from your book a complex P C substitutive subordination, a Di-complex with C P C substitutive subordination.

Give an example of a Mono-simple with increase in the 1st, 3rd, or any odd term by N, of Capacity intervened by a comma-connective with G and R formulæ.

Illustrate mono-simple sentences each with increased terms, joiners, or sub-joiners respectively with intervention of mono-grouped conjunction connectives and punctuative

commas if necessary. Give their G F and R F."

Keeping up the humour of the thing to the last, Dr. Brojonath Shaha writes with shaking sides a solemn introduction in which he expounds the theory and value of stylography, and ends up with the following sally at the expense of his mathematical colleagues:

"The chief utility of this work, besides the conspicuousness on points of philology, is a help to memory, recitation, and composition by showing forth gradual landmarks in each. This would, I may venture to say, be a great gain to students; while the teachers will derive the same amount of relief in their works during the hours of literature as they do now when engaged in teaching mathematics. How far I have succeeded in giving mathematical reasoning or philological demonstration of any writing, remains for the student to grasp or the teacher to impress upon the student, but all I desire is that they should not desert this method of scientific demonstration till they find it practically useless or beyond juvenile comprehension, or till the teacher cannot invent modification and addition more intelligible."

It is a noble jest. Excellent Baboo!

BRIEFER MENTION.

Drake and the Tudor Navy. By Julian S. Corbett. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

SOME six-and-thirty years ago, the late James Anthony Froude wrote an article in the *Westminster Review* which he entitled "England's Forgotten Worthies." And among those worthies which were forgotten in the fifties were Hawkins, Frobisher, Sir Richard Grenville, and Drake. It must be admitted that later years have done something to atone for such forgetfulness. Both Sir Richard Grenville and Drake have found a Homer; nor has there been any lack of writers to celebrate the exploits of the gallant gentlemen whom commerce, religion, or politics, drove forth to the Spanish Main, to the East Indies, or the North-West Passage. It was Froude, with his enthusiasm for Tudor England, who drew from oblivion those merchant venturers that, conscious of their own rectitude, gave God the glory when a Spanish treasure ship crossed their bows; and for this, if for nothing else, his memory should be blessed. But Froude, as we have been so often told, is inaccurate. His style continually got the better of his facts. And we are almost sorry that the same accusation cannot be brought against Mr. Corbett, who, evidently with immense labour, has gathered together from every available source all that is known of Drake.

In the third chapter of the first of these two bulky volumes you may compare the methods of Mr. Froude and Mr. Corbett. Writing of the expedition which led to the fight at San Juan de Ulua, Froude says in his *English Seamen*: The *Judith* was brought in "by his [Hawkins's] young cousin Francis Drake, who was now to make his first appearance on the stage. . . . Enough

now to say he was a relation of Hawkins, the owner of a small smart sloop or brigantine, ambitious of a share in a stirring business." Mr. Corbett relentlessly points out that this is a bit of impressionism, for it was not Drake's first appearance, the ship was neither a sloop nor a brigantine, but a bark, it was probably owned by Hawkins, and Drake had no idea of any stirring business, because Hawkins kept his destination a dead secret. Mr. Corbett is no doubt accurate, but of his accuracy in matters of naval technique we do not presume to judge. We are as ignorant as Mr. Froude of the difference between a bark and a brigantine, nor does it appear to be of much importance whether the *Judith* was owned by Drake or by Hawkins. What is of importance—we are looking at the book from a literary point of view—is that our blood should be stirred and our pulse quickened as we read. Take the coming of the Armada, to which Mr. Corbett devotes several chapters. Here is a prose epic to be written. But our pulse drops, our blood congeals, as we are stopped short in mid-story to contemplate lists of ships, and learn that the Spanish method of calculating tonnage was different from the English. It is true that there is a catalogue of ships in another epic; but the *Iliad* would be better reading without it. If you read those chapters of Mr. Corbett's, skipping judiciously, and then sit back in your chair and think, you will have a pretty good picture of that running fight up the Channel; but Mr. Corbett should have drawn that picture, and shovelled his paint and brushes and mahl-stick into an appendix.

The threads of the story are all there, and Mr. Corbett is entitled to praise for his industry in collecting them. It is in the last step that he disappoints us—in the weaving of the threads together into a texture. He has composed an excellent Admiralty minute on the Tudor fleet—its organisation, its tonnage, its manning, its victualling, and so forth. He has collected all the materials for a book; but he has not written it.

Twelve Naval Captains. With Portraits. By Molly Elliot Seawell. (Kegan Paul.)

WE venture to assure Mrs. (?) Seawell that her hope that "English youth will not resent the fact that many of these worthies earned their reputations in conflict with the mother country" has a fair chance of being realised. She tells the stories of her heroes in an admirable tone of impartiality; she has a serviceable command of nautical language, and for anything smacking of the heroic a bright enthusiasm that is quite contagious. Nothing can come of her revelation of the American seaman—for to the human boy of these islands a revelation it will be—but increased respect and goodwill; just as his respect for the Australian colonies has been increased by the misfortunes of Mr. Stoddart's eleven. Take this, for instance:

"Captain Dacres, of the *Guerrière* [a French-built frigate in the British service], and Hull were personal friends . . . and there was a standing bet of a hat between them on the re-

sult in case their two ships ever came to exchanging broadsides."

They came to close quarters at last, and the *Guerrière* was hopelessly worsted.

The mainmast soon followed the other masts, and in thirty minutes from the time the *Constitution's* first broadside had been fired the *Guerrière* lay, a helpless hulk, rolling in the trough of the sea. . . ."

The jack had been nailed to the stump of the mizzen mast, and the men refused to loose it, but the signal of surrender was made by a gun to leeward:

"As Captain Dacres came over the side of the *Constitution*, Hull . . . gave the British captain a hand, saying with great friendliness, 'Dacres, I see you are hurt. Let me help you.' As soon as Captain Dacres reached the *Constitution's* deck, he attempted to hand his sword to Hull, who said: 'No, no; I cannot take the sword of a man who knows so well how to use it; but—I'll thank you for that hat!'"

And this in spite of the fact that, in the heat of the engagement, his breeches (he was unnecessarily stout) had split from knee to hip. You cannot bear malice against an enemy of that sort, you know. A capital collection of yarns.

Thomas Cranmer. By Arthur James Mason, D.D. "Leaders of Religion." (Methuen.)

THIS is a study rather than a biography; but it is a study based upon a first-hand acquaintance with Archbishop Cranmer's own letters and writings, as well as upon such trustworthy and exhaustive works as Mr. R. W. Dixon's *History of the Reformation*. Canon Mason writes of Cranmer in a far more appreciative spirit than has frequently been observed in modern so-called "High" Churchmen in dealing with the great Reformers. He goes far towards making a hero of his subject. Yet the book is by no means uncritical, and it seems to us to draw a very fair picture of Cranmer alike in his personal and his public relations. It is written in a lucid and an interesting fashion. The summary of Cranmer's character given in the last chapter is singularly penetrative and just. Canon Mason breaks a lance on behalf of the Archbishop's *bona fides*:

"Whatever else he was, Cranmer was no crafty dissembler. He was as artless as a child. Even those actions of his which have brought upon him the accusation of double-dealing—the reservation with which he took the oath at his consecration, the acknowledgment that he should not have withdrawn his recantation if he had been allowed to live—are instances of his naïve simplicity. He may sometimes have deceived himself; he never had any intention to deceive another. Trustful towards others, even to a fault, he had little confidence in himself. His humility amounted almost to a vice. His judgment was too easily swayed by those who surrounded him—especially by those in authority. In this way he frequently did or consented to things imposed upon him by others which he would never have thought of by himself. He sheltered himself under the notion that he was a subordinate, when by virtue of his position he was necessarily a principal, and was surprised, and sometimes even irritated, that others did not see things in the same light."

There is a strain of special pleading in this;

but, on the whole, it strikes us as a true estimate of an honest but not very strong man. Canon Mason's book quite sustains the high reputation of the series in which it appears.

The Records of the Borough of Northampton.
Edited by Christopher A. Markham and
Rev. Charles J. Cox. (Elliot Stock.)

THE Corporation of Northampton decreed, some years ago, the publication of the records of their borough. These now come to us in two substantial volumes, buckram bound, and bearing the arms of the town, and the motto, *Castellio Fortior Concordia*. The Bishop of London has contributed a preface; the title-pages are printed in black and red; and the volumes, in short, lack no element of dignity. An introduction by Mr. W. Ryland D. Adkins prepares the ground for the reader, who is reminded that Northampton became important only at the Norman Conquest. Halfway between Winchester and York, halfway also between the Welsh Marches and the East Coast, Northampton was the predestined stronghold of Norman and Plantagenet kings. Between the arrival of the Conqueror and the completion of his Domesday Book, the town increased from 60 to 330 houses. Thenceforward its progress was steady. One fact in Northampton's early history arrests the reader. During the Barons' War the students of both Oxford and Cambridge fled thither, and a university was founded under royal sanction. It might have been there to this day, but Oxford was strong enough to crush the arrangement in 1262. We can do no more than point out that these volumes display, in orderly sequence, every record of importance pertaining to the civic progress of Northampton. They will be of real service to students of English municipal history. One is glad to find the corporation of a comparatively small town carrying to a successful issue a project so enlightened.

Library Administration. By John Macfarlane. "Library Series." (George Allen.)

THIS is a useful work upon a technical and highly difficult subject, written by an expert. It deals with the organisation of the staff of a library, with the methods of acquiring, preserving and issuing books, and with the various competing systems of cataloguing and shelf-arrangement. It is, of course, as Dr. Garnett points out in the brief introduction which he contributes, "a disseminator of information" and "a stimulus to reflection," rather than a "code." And this is necessarily so, for many of the topics treated of, the best way to draw up a subject-index, for instance, are still debatable and hotly debated. Necessarily also, it embodies largely the views and experience of the British Museum, of which Mr. Macfarlane is an active official. But he has taken great pains to supplement his knowledge of the methods more immediately familiar to him by careful inquiries into the practice of the Bodleian and of the great foreign libraries. The laymen, whose ignorance of library administration is

generally profound, may learn much from so comprehensive and lucid a survey; and the manual, together with the companion volume by Mr. Burgoyne on *Library Construction*, should be in the hands of every practical librarian, and of every municipal body which contemplates a free library.

Lincoln. By the Rev. A. Clark, M.A.
"College Histories." (F. E. Robinson.)

TWO or three Oxford colleges—Corpus, Merton, Pembroke come to mind—have already adequate histories issued by the Oxford Historical Society. In the rest, although as a rule there are ample materials for a record of the past, these remain in the obscurity of archives, and are not put to their proper purpose of stimulating the piety of the present. Mr. Robinson proposes in a series of twenty-one volumes to remove this reproach. Each college will now have its monograph, entrusted to a competent hand, if possible a member of the foundation, and liberally illustrated with views and plans. A similar series will deal with the sister University. The enterprise opens well, for no more competent writer of a college history could well be imagined than Mr. Clark, who, through his long work on Anthony à Wood and Aubrey, and on the University Register, must be thoroughly steeped in Oxford sentiment and Oxford tradition. He has produced a most excellent and interesting narrative, popular in the sense that it is only a narrative, and that the documents on which it is founded are not printed, or even, as a rule, referred to, but by no means merely popular if that implies anything shallow or superficial in the treatment. Lincoln was originally founded, early in the fifteenth century, by Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, who intended it to be a bulwark of the true faith against the heresies of the Wycliffites. It has never been a college of the first rank, but during the greater portion of its career has, nevertheless, borne an honourable reputation. Mr. Clark traces the fortunes of the foundation down to the present day, noting its occasional appearances upon the stage of history, its notable men, the growth and architectural peculiarities of its buildings. He finds its golden age in the middle of the eighteenth century, when its wealth had been increased by the benefactions of Lord Crewe, while its common-room was illustrated by the commanding intellect of John Wesley. Over the troublous days of the present century, the period covered by that extraordinary autobiography of Mark Pattison, Mr. Clark passes very gingerly. Of Pattison himself he tells two characteristic stories. One is given in the words of an old Lincoln parson:

"Coming to Oxford on some business I took the opportunity of looking up Pattison in the evening. He received me very cheerfully, offered me a cigar, and lit one for himself. He was standing on the hearthrug with his back to the grate, chatting away, when there came a timid knock at the door, and an undergraduate entered with a sheet of paper in his hand, theme or composition of some sort. Pattison beckoned the man to come forward, took the sheet, and looked over it, puffing slowly at his cigar. Then he crumpled the paper up in his

hand, threw it in the man's face, and pointed to the door."

The other story is of a youth whom Pattison invited to accompany him on a walk:

"A timid undergraduate waited at the lodgings at the appointed hour, followed the rector across the quadrangle, and then, when the two had stepped out through the wicket, essayed a literary opening to the conversation by volunteering 'the irony of Sophocles is greater than the irony of Euripides.' Pattison seemed lost in thought over the statement and made no answer till the two turned at Ilfley to come back. Then he said, 'Quote.' Quotations not being forthcoming, the return and the parting took place in silence."

But surely the historian of the future will have to beware of the contamination of the Pattison *mythos* by the Jowett *mythos*, and *vice versa*.

We recommend Mr. Clark's volume to the patriotic purses of all Lincoln men.

Islands of the Southern Seas. By Michael Myers Shoemaker. (Putnam's Sons.)

"So—if you are minded for such a jaunt—let us be off, for the ship is ready." The jaunt alluded to in Mr. Shoemaker's too, too sprightly preface starts from San Francisco. The traveller touched at Molokai, and reflected in terms of unimpeachable commonplace upon the career of Father Damien; of course he photographed the tomb and a lot of other things. He did Hawaii and Honolulu, saw the lions and photographed them; was "very glad to get back to his hotel." He visited Samoa; a photograph of Stevenson's tomb is evidence. The jaunt presently interested itself in New Zealand, in the Maories and their tattooing—most interesting subjects of the kodak. The prisons of Port Arthur are gruesomely treated. The horrid traditions of the past are perpetuated—the tradition, for instance, of the men who to ward off insanity occupied the hours of the confinement in the dark cells in searching for a pin flung at random upon the floor; and several excellent photographs illustrate the scenes of these horrors. Australia, poetically described as "The Land of the Never Never"—but why?—is found to be a place of extreme interest. As to its political condition and its relation with the mother country, here is what Mr. Shoemaker had time to find out:

"The different sections of the Continent govern themselves, England merely sending out a Governor-General for each, but he is little more than a figure-head. . . . To my thinking, Australia is a collection of republics. There is no military rule by England, and I saw no British soldiers in all the land. England does not demand soldiers from Australia, but Australia has once or twice sent her men to the assistance of the Mother Country in times of war. The provinces have their own navies, though I did see a few British ships of war."

Extraordinarily observant person, Mr. Shoemaker! Much of his time was spent in Java, and some admirable photographs came of it. The book is one of those of which the impatient reviewer is wont to say in his haste that it has not a dull page from cover to cover.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE BISHOP'S DILEMMA.

BY ELLA D'ARCY.

Readers of the *Yellow Book* will remember that Miss D'Arcy's name usually accompanied a clever story, hence they may be prepared here for something better than common. The Bishop in question controlled the Roman Catholic diocese of West London. He was worldly and his name was Wise, and his dilemma was Father Fayler, a conscientious young priest. To learn the fortunes of Father Fayler it will be necessary to read this brief novel, but we may just hint here that Mary Deane played her part in them. Roman Catholics will not like the story over much. (John Lane. 145 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A WOMAN IN GREY.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

A long novel by the author of *The Barn-Stormers*. The story is laid at Lorn Abbey, and is replete with clock-towers, and corridors, and ghostly manifestations, and supposed murder: in the end a family mystery is unravelled, and the woman in grey, revealed as a normal woman with a sad story, elects to wear other colours than grey, and indulge other than morbid moods. (Routledge & Sons. 323 pp. 6s.)

RED-COAT ROMANCES.

BY E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT.

Seven short stories of Army life, by the author of *Scarlet and Steel*. The first tells how Tommy Robins of the White Guards, a scapegrace, but an excellent soldier at bottom, was promoted to a corporal by sheer mistake, and made good his appointment by reforming. "Judgment by Default," "Sentry-Go," and "The Blue-Eyed Babe: a Romance of a Junior Subaltern," are all very readable stories. (F. Warne & Co. 288 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A YEAR'S EXILE.

BY GEORGE BOURNE.

George Bourne, we should guess, is, like many Georges, a woman. The novel is of the private life of medical men, and is clever and cynical. How Dr. Mitchell loved a patient's wife, and how he set out to poison the patient and so remove an awkward obstacle, but repented—with this a large portion of the book deals. But there is much more beside, and many reflections on life and art which are well worth reading, and some good characterisation. (John Lane. 230 pp. 3s. 6d.)

HIS LITTLE BILL OF SALE.

BY ELLIS J. DAVIS.

The money-lender is having a bad time just now. Select committees and novelists are bent on curbing him. In this book the author endeavours "to expose some of the tricks of the money-lending fraternity, who thrive upon bills of sale under those wonderful pieces of legislative incompetency known as the Bills of Sale Acts, 1878 and 1882." The writhings of poor Tomkins in the hands of one Sleimy, from whom he has borrowed £30 on a bill of sale, and Sleimy's ultimate discomfiture, are described with spirit and clearness. (John Long. 229 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A BACHELOR GIRL IN LONDON.

BY S. E. MITTON.

This story of the fortunes of Judith Danville, a struggling young lady journalist, is a careful representation of a phase of modern life which is not yet staled in fiction. The story is wholly laid in London, and the policeman, and the cabman, and the 'bus-conductor, and the Embankment lights, are ever present; while the hero is by no means unspotted from the London world. (Hutchinson & Co. 339 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

Tales of Unrest. By Joseph Conrad. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

MR. CONRAD has seen strange things in strange lands, and he can describe what he has seen impersonally, incuriously, without sentimentality, and without wailing. He is not eloquent, and hysteria is unknown to him; but he has grit, and the epithets "nervous, artful, buxom," also describe his English. These tales, like his last fine book, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, march straight on: where they are tragic the tragedy was inevitable. The artist selects and tells. That selection is his concern and his alone. Things horrid and inexplicable may happen, and it is not his affair to suggest why heaven remains sealed and unanswering any more than it is his business to explain why illusions are often better aids to living than the naked truth. He tells, and the critic's business is with the sincerity and method of presentment, not with the choice of subject. We rise from the reading of these *Tales of Unrest* strengthened, not depressed. For the work is sincere, and it deals with realities.

Mr. Conrad is a writer's writer. He is for those who joy in a good sentence, a deft characterisation, or the way the knots of an exposition are tied. But these tales must not be taken with a hop, skip, and a jump. Those who want brisk dialogue and breathless action must go elsewhere. You must assimilate his background, if you would grasp the significance of the figures that dot his middle distance. Mr. Conrad is a painter in landscape who could have worked entirely in *genre*, but he chose the other. Like the great landscape artists, he brings equal facility to a sunset or to a man working in a field, and the man is real, part of the harmony, not a lay figure dumped down as a sop to those who clamour for "human interest." For example, let us take a passage from the story called "The Lagoon."

"Nothing moved on the river but the eight paddles that rose flashing regularly, dipped together with a single splash; while the steersman swept right and left with a periodic and sudden flourish of his blade describing a glinting semicircle above his head. The churned-up water frothed alongside with a confused murmur. And the white man's canoe, advancing up-stream in the short-lived disturbance of its own making, seemed to enter the portals of a land from which the very memory of motion had for ever departed. . . . The men poled in the shading water. The creek broadened, opening out into a wide sweep of a stagnant lagoon. The forests receded from the marshy bank, leaving a level strip of bright green reedy grass to frame the reflected blueness of the sky. A fleecy pink cloud drifted high above, trailing the delicate colouring of its image under the floating leaves and the silvery blossoms of the lotus. A little house, perched on high piles, appeared black in the distance. . . .

"The steersman, pointing with his paddle, said, 'Arsat is there. I see his canoe fast between the piles.'"

Three of the stories treat of life in the Eastern Archipelago, where "green islets scattered through the calm of noonday lie upon the level of a polished sea, like a handful of emeralds on a buckler of steel." Of these "Karain: a Memory" is the longest and the most ambitious. It is the story of a noble and masterful Malay, and how he was cured by a young Englishman of a terrible illusion on the principle that like things are cured by like. The ruse is quite successful. "He left us, and seemed straightway to step into the glorious splendour of his stage, to wrap himself in the illusion of unavoidable success." Here is a picture of a Dutch trader. It is Karain who is speaking:

"He traded and planted. He despised our joys, our thoughts, and our sorrows. His face was red, his hair like flame, and his eyes pale, like a river mist; he moved heavily and spoke with a deep voice; he laughed aloud like a fool, and knew no courtesy in his speech. He was a big, scornful man, who looked into women's faces and put his hand on the shoulders of free men as though he had been a noble-born chief."

The story called "The Idiots" brings us nearer home—to

France. It is a terrible little tale about a peasant proud of himself, proud of his wife, proud of the bit of land he owned, proud of the thought that sons will be born to him who will grow up by his side, and carry on his name when he is laid away. Children are born to him—but one and all are idiots. The end is the murder of the husband, and the suicide of the wife. That is how things happened in this unfortunate family. And the world went on much the same. Strangers even became used to the idiot children shouting from the hedgerows.

"There are unfortunate people on the earth," says the mother of the murderess and suicide. "I had only one child. Only one! And they won't bury her in consecrated ground."

"It is very sad," replies the Marquis of Chavanes. "You have all my sympathy. I shall speak to the *cure*. . . . "Good day, Madame."

Here is a final taste of Mr. Conrad's quality :

"That child, like the other two, never smiled, never stretched its hands to her, never spoke; never had a glance of recognition for her in its big black eyes, which could only stare fixedly at any glitter, but failed hopelessly to follow the brilliance of a sun-ray slipping slowly along the floor. When the men were at work she spent long days between her three idiot children and the childish grandfather, who sat grim, angular, and immovable, with his feet near the warm ashes of the fire. The feeble old fellow seemed to suspect that there was something wrong with his grandsons. Only once, moved either by affection or by the sense of proprieties, he attempted to nurse the youngest. He took the boy up from the floor, clicked his tongue at him, and essayed a shaky gallop of his bony knees. Then he looked closely with his misty eyes at the child's face and deposited him down gently on the floor again; and he sat, his lean shanks crossed, nodding at the steam escaping from the cooking-pot with a gaze senile and worried."

Well observed, is it not?

One of the tales in this volume, "The Return," treats a modern subject, such a subject as has obsessed Mr. Marriot Watson more than once. To this study of a conjugal fatality Mr. Conrad brings the same vivid observation, the same restraint, the same artful choice of words, and the same sincerity of expression. He has written some half-dozen volumes, but it is by *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and these *Tales of Unrest* that he becomes a writer to be reckoned with. His full achievement, we believe, is still in the making.

* * * *

Comedies and Errors. By Henry Harland.
(John Lane.)

THE short story is an odd and wondrous thing. Publishers tell us that commercially it has little value, while (according to an enthusiastic "literary agent") the demand for it by magazine editors is enormous and increasing—and, indeed, anyone may see for himself that this is so. What strange quality has it that people will devour it when sandwiched between advertisements and an illustrated interview, and turn away when it is offered to them bound up with its fellows in a book? We ought all to be full of useful information concerning the short story, for it has been much discussed; one expert has lectured amiably upon its idiosyncrasy; another, with the nicest skill, has written round and round it in reviews; the drawing-rooms of culture have echoed to its panegyric. And now, we know of it—precisely nothing. It is the most difficult form of fiction, some say; but these do not happen to be novelists—not even novelists who have written good short stories. It must be the record of either an incident or a mood: a pretty-sounding definition, which would exclude several of the very best short stories ever accomplished. But surely the short story must be short? It need not be: look at *Captains Courageous*. If only a master had analysed it for us, laid bare the essentials of the form! De Maupassant wrote with absolute vision about style, and expressed clear ideas, too, on the true nature of fiction in general; but as to the subject of his own special craft he was silent. And other masters keep the same silence.

Mr. Harland has his limitations, and may not be what is commonly called a virile writer; but indubitably he has given to the short-story form a shapeliness, a distinction of contour, a delicacy in detail, an effective value, and, above all, an economic simplicity, beyond the performance of others. He has carried the technique of a particular art further than any of his contemporaries.

Regarding *Comedies and Errors*, it chiefly contains stories which appeared in the *Yellow Book*, stories which one has savoured before and is eager to savour again. One of the most typical—and to our own mind easily the best—is "The Friend of Man." Herein are shown Mr. Harland's qualities at their brightest: his skill in evoking character from trifles, his *fineness* in making beautiful curves towards a climax, his wonderful power to group incidents, and that selective, pictorial faculty which enables him to set down so briefly a complicated and polychromatic effect. Take, for an example of the last, the description of the scene at the Casino:

"Thanks to the heat, the windows were open wide; and through them one could see, first, a vivid company of men and women, strolling backwards and forwards, and chattering busily in the electric glare of the terrace; and then, beyond them, the sea—smooth, motionless, sombre; silent, despite its perpetual whisper; inscrutable, sinister; merging itself into the vast blackness of space. Here and there the black was punctured by a pin-point of fire, a tiny vacillating pin-point of fire; and a landsman's heart quailed for a moment at the thought of lonely vessels braving the mysteries and terrors and the awful solitudes of the sea at night. . . .

So that the voice of the croupier, perfunctory, machine-like, had almost a human, almost a genial effect, as it rapped out suddenly, calling upon the players to mark their play."

With what sharp, astringent effectiveness comes the last sentence "The Friend of Man" offers an excellent instance of the short story which victoriously tramples on laws laid down for its conduct, thus making all generalisations futile. If there could be any rule applying universally to the form, it would be that introductions, prologues, are inadmissible. The actual action must commence at once. Now "The Friend of Man" has twenty-four pages introduction and six pages story proper; and it happens to be completely successful. The story proper is a significant, perhaps conclusive, incident in the history of a character. The introduction discloses the history itself, through the recollection of a young man whose memories go back to his infancy. It is done well, with mastery of material, and a highly complex subtlety. Moreover, it has real pathos. Mr. Harland seldom attempts any sort of deep feeling. He is all for half-tones, tranquil loves, mixed pleasures, regrets not entirely bitter. Most of his persons are too highly civilised and too cosmopolitan for the simplicities of great passion. He does not deal with children of nature. And this, some time, will count against him: that he is never elemental, and that he cannot see one thing at a time. To catch him at the height of his virtuosity you must choose a very light theme—say, "The Invisible Prince," in which a gossamer trifle of an intrigue is contrived and managed, wholly by means of dialogue, after a fashion which must simply dazzle those who have tried to do the same sort of feat.

Each of the twelve tales in the book has its special interest, its peculiar technique; but they are all expressions of one artistic individuality—an individuality which demands from itself a delicate perfection and gets it, though at some cost of bigness in the enterprise undertaken. The term "distinguished literary artist" is sadly misused. In the authentic, the only sense, not many distinguished literary artists arise in twenty years; but limit the phrase as strictly as you will, it must include Mr. Harland.

ANTHOLOGIES IN LITTLE.

III.—THOMAS CAMPION.

THOMAS CAMPION is one of the boons which the modern reader owes to the scholarly labours of Mr. A. H. Bullen, and now that we have him we marvel that we could have spared him so long. Until Mr. Bullen issued his fine edition, the best of Campion's work lay mouldering in forgotten century song-books, unknown to the public and neglected even by professed antiquaries. Yet among the lyrics of our tongue he must rank, for pure singing quality, second only to Herrick, if to him. A practical musician, he wrote deliberately for the accompaniment of flute and viol, and it is only to such an accompaniment that his songs render up their full charm. Merely read, they lose something of their dainty, wilful melody, their unexpected turns and lingering repetitions. Taught by music, Campion introduced into English lyric a grace which it had not before, and has hardly recovered since.

Campion's personal history is obscure. He was born quite in the middle of the sixteenth century, and died in 1620. Like his better-known, though by no means so great, contemporary, Thomas Lodge, he was by profession a physician. He was mixed up, not particularly to his discredit, in the mysterious murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. He wrote some Latin epigrams, and a treatise on *English Poesie*, in which, echoing from afar the defunct theories of Gabriel Harvey's *Areopagus*, he sought to discredit that habit of English rhyming which became him so well. He wrote some court masques, which the courtiers had not quite the sense to appreciate. The series of music-books for which he wrote words, sometimes to his own tunes, sometimes to those of other men, began in 1601, and lasted to his death. The burden of his songs is occasionally devout, more often amorous. He has a happy touch on the jubilant notes of love, as well as on love's pathos; runs the whole gamut of the passion, with unfailing melody and a distinction of manner rare among Jacobean poets:

"A FACE.

And would you see my mistress' face?
It is a flowery garden place,
Where knots of beauties have such grace
That all is work and nowhere space.
It is a sweet delicious morn,
Where day is breeding, never born:
It is a meadow, yet unshorn,
Which thousand flowers do adorn.
It is the heaven's bright reflex,
Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex:
It is th' Idea of her sex,
Envy of whom doth worlds perplex.
It is a face of Death that smiles,
Pleasing, though it kills the while:
Where Death and Love in pretty wiles
Each other mutually beguiles.
It is fair beauty's freshest youth,
It is the feign'd Elysium's truth:
The spring, that winter'd hearts renew'th;
And this is that my soul pursu'th."

"JUSTVM ET TENACEM.

The man of life upright
Whose cheerful mind is free
From weight of impious deeds,
And yoke of vanity;
The man whose silent days,
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes can not delude
Nor sorrow discontent;
That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor vaults his guilt to shroud
From thunder's violence.
He only can behold
With unafrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.
Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
His book the heaven he makes,
His wisdom heavenly things.
Good thoughts his surest friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage."

"WHEN THOU MUST HOME.

When thou must home to shades of underground,
And, there arrived, a new admir'd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;
Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O, tell, how thou didst murder me."

"CHERRY RIPE.

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow which none may buy,
Till 'Cherry Ripe' themselves do cry.
Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows
They look like rose-buds filled with snow;
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
Till 'Cherry Ripe' themselves do cry.
Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till 'Cherry Ripe' themselves do cry."

"FOLLOW YOUR SAINT.

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
But, if she scorns my never ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight, and ne'er return again.
All that I sang still to her praise did tend,
Still she was first, still she my songs did end;
Yet she my love and music doth both fly,
The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy:
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight."

MR. I. ZANGWILL.

A SKETCH AND INTERVIEW.

THE child of foreign Jewish parents in humble circumstances [says a writer in the *New York Bookman*], Mr. Israel Zangwill was born in London in 1864, passed his early childhood in Bristol and Plymouth, and returned to spend his youth among those East-end scenes which he has portrayed in *The Children of the Ghetto*. Admitted into the Jews' Free School, Spitalfields—the largest elementary school in the British Empire—he won three scholarships, became a pupil teacher, and, in due course, a full-fledged teacher.

In his first year he conducted a large class of sixty boys, with whom he accomplished the hitherto unprecedented feat of passing 100 per cent. in the sixth standard. It was a *tour de force* that he set himself to execute of set purpose. He wished to use his success as a lever for protesting against the system of elementary instruction then in vogue. Corporal punishment was not allowed, but was resorted to *sub rosa*. He considered that a moderate amount of such punishment was indispensable to the maintenance of discipline. At the same time, he declined to do anything that was not open and above board. His difference of opinion with the management on this question led to his resignation and not a little unpleasantness. He left, without means or "character" the school which now proudly claims him as its own. Thanks to his agitation, which the Union of Teachers recognised by a special vote of thanks, the *régime* has since been modified. Elementary teachers are no longer driven to employ the cane in dishonest secrecy.

His first book, *The Premier and the Painter*, had already been published (in collaboration with a fellow-teacher) while he was still at the Free School. Though the writers were unknown, and exhibited their literary inexperience by crowding into a single volume enough wit and matter for three or four, *The Premier and the Painter* attracted the approving notice of some discerning critics. He had also at this time written several of his *Ghetto Tragedies*. The editor who in the earlier stages of Mr. Zangwill's career bought and published most of his work was Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

There was a period in his early career when Mr. Zangwill edited a comic paper, *Ariel*, which he has described as one of those publications which are most appreciated by their free list. One of the *Punch* staff recently told him that it was the only comic paper they took seriously, and which they used to read so as to avoid repeating its jokes. They were not always successful,

He lives in a London suburb, and in a house the visitor to which is at once struck by the complete absence from his surroundings of anything betokening smug prosperity. Horse-riding and travel are the only two luxuries he permits himself, and both are indispensable to his work. A highly temperate liver, he does not even smoke. His library is a barely furnished and untidy-looking apartment, filled with books that are for use and not for ornament. There are no first editions, no leather bindings; but his collection contains the best and most serviceable things that have been written in three or four languages, and a preponderance of works on metaphysics, of which he is a close student. They have been collected by his brother, Louis Zangwill ("Z. Z."), who lives with him, and often writes his novels at the same table.

In this connexion it may be mentioned that so far from having made the reputations of his two brothers, Louis and Mark, both the novelist and the artist have suffered from a relationship which has overshadowed them. People naturally rush to the conclusion that there cannot be three clever men in one family, and they attribute whatever publicity the younger men may have attained to the influence of their brother. Louis Zangwill had to adopt the pseudonym "Z. Z." to save confusion.

As to Israel Zangwill's methods of work, they may be described as irregular. He writes in great spurts of industry, which are preceded by weeks in which he can do nothing except read and study. When this feeling has worn off he begins to grow restless. Then he takes up his writing again, and never puts it down until he has finished. He requires frequent change, and finds a long stay in London depressing.

Asked by his interviewer about his future plans, Mr. Zangwill gave the interesting information that he intends to drop the Ghetto for a time. "I shall alternate my Jewish work with an ordinary novel. One very distinguished man said to me: 'Zangwill, you can write the play of my life.' But I don't want to write the play of his life. Richard Mansfield in America has been at me for years; he wants to play *The King of the Schnorrer's*, and once offered me a *carte blanche* commission to write no less than four plays for him."

"What other plans?"

"One day I shall collect my verses; and some day my more important criticisms or essays, preceded by that article on Criticism which I purposely excluded from *Without Prejudice*, when it appeared in volume form."

Mr. Zangwill has done a deal of lecturing in various parts of the world.

Within the past twelve months he has lectured in Palestine, Holland and Ireland. I asked him when he was going to America on a lecturing tour. "Major Pond," he answered, "has made up his mind that I am going next year, but I have no such intention at present. I rather shrink from the publicity and glare of it all. Lecturing in a small country like Holland or Ireland is a recreation. If ever I do go to the States, it will be an old promise to an intimate friend that will primarily take me there."

APHORISMS AND EPIGRAMS.

VII.—WILLIAM BLAKE.

RESUMING our series of Aphorisms and Epigrams, we give below a selection of the latter from the "MS. Book," known to every student of William Blake.

In their recent work on Blake Messrs. E. J. Ellis and W. B. Yeats describe this MS. book as a little volume of about a hundred pages, each measuring six and a half inches wide by eight inches high, having for its title "Ideas of Good and Evil." Each page contains a drawing in the middle; and some of these drawings were used as first sketches of certain of the poet-artist's published designs. In the margins epigrams run riot: "These are generally on artistic subjects, and contain hits at Hayley (the 'H.' of the following epigrams), Sir Joshua Reynolds, Stothard, Cromek, and all Blake's pet aversions." The reader will see that they have an unmistakable flavour of their own:

The angel that presided o'er my birth
Said, "Little creature formed for joy and mirth,
Go! live without the help of anything on earth."

To God.

If you have formed a circle to go into,
Go into it yourself and see what you would do.

If on earth you do forgive
You shall not find where to live.

A PITIFUL CASE.

The villain at the gallows tree,
When he is doomed to die,
To assuage his bitter misery
In virtue's praise does cry.
So Reynolds, when he came to die,
To assuage his bitter woe,
Thus aloud did howl and cry:
"Michael Angelo! Michael Angelo!"

Can there be anything more mean,
More malice in disguise,
Than praise a man for doing what
That man does most despise?
Reynolds lectures exactly so
When he praises Michael Angelo.

Raphael, sublime, majestic, graceful, wise,
His executive powers must I despise?
Rubens, low, vulgar, stupid, ignorant,
His powers of execution I must grant.

As the ignorant savage will sell his own wife
For a button, a buckle, a bead, or a knife,
So the wise, savage Englishman spends his whole fortune
For a smear or a squall that is not picture or tune.

The Sussex men are noted fools,
And weak in their brain pan,
I wonder if H—the painter
Is not a Sussex man.

To H—.

You think Fuseli's not a great painter. I'm glad.
This is one of the best compliments he ever had.

To H—.

Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache:
Do be my enemy, for friendship's sake.

My title as a genius thus is proved,
Not praised by Hayley or by Flaxman loved.

P— loved me not as he loved his friends,
For he loved them for gain to serve his ends.
He loved me for no gain at all,
But to rejoice and triumph at my fall.

STOTHARD.

S—, in childhood, upon the nursery floor,
Was extremely old and most extremely poor.
He has grown old, and rich, and what he will,
He is extreme old, and extreme poor still.

Columbus discovered America, but Americus Vesputius finished
and smoothed it over, like an English engraver, or Correggio or
Titian.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1898.

No. 1354, New Series.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

	YEARLY.	HALF-YEARLY.	QUARTERLY.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
If obtained of a Newsvendor or at a Railway Station . . .	0 13 0	0 6 6	0 3 3
Including Postage to any part of the United Kingdom . . .	0 15 3	0 7 8	0 3 10
Including Postage to any part of France, Germany, India, China, &c.	0 18 0	0 9 0	0 4 6

THE ACADEMY is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A NEW edition of the *Letters to A. P. Watt* the annual reminder of his enterprise which the chief literary agent of this country puts forth, lies before us. Not being Mr. Watt, we can read it without blushing; but he— he must grow ruddier than the cherry. The new collection has eight new letters, among them one from Mr. Guy Boothby, the young Australian writer, who, on the threshold of his career, was counselled by Mr. Kipling to "work hard and put his trust in Watt." That he has been assiduous the publishers' lists prove; and here, in this letter, is further proof of his fidelity to Mr. Kipling's agent. But Mr. Watt might have returned the compliment by seeing that the title of Mr. Boothby's *Bushigrams* was correctly given.

THE other new letters include one from Mr. Morley Roberts, in which he says: "I think I ought to tell you that I have come to the conclusion that a man who writes cannot really be said to exist without an agent, and his opinion is the result of great experience in mismanaging *my own affairs*." There are publishers that think otherwise.

THE Looker-on in *Blackwood* is exercised by the case of Mr. Stephen Phillips. He has admiration for the new poet, but he has fears too. Thus begins the examination: "Since then a book of poems by a writer little known heretofore has made more noise than any similar publication since Alexander Smith fired his rocket skyward. Here, however, the genius is no illusion. There are passages in this small book of a hundred pages that march with the footfall of the immortals; stately lines with all the music and meaning of the highest poesy; and when that can be truthfully said of any

new-comer into a land bereaved of poetic grandeur, it may be denied that his welcome can be too extravagantly grateful."

BUT the reviewer is very severe upon Mr. Phillips's faults. These he divides into faults of permission and commission. Among the former is a too ready acceptance of a phrase that "will do" instead of searching further for the phrase that is best. Thus, "when Apollo warns Marpessa that if she marries Idas a time will come when her eyes will be 'of all illusion cured,' 'cured' is the wrong word precisely (seeing that the illusion was her happiness), and a hack word too." Among Mr. Phillips's faults of commission is the trick of tagging his verse with lines and half-lines that have no purpose but to fill out the measure or supply a rhyme.

THE Looker-on then turns to the "Woman with the Dead Soul" and "The Wife," and disapproves of both. "The truth about both is, that beautiful as they are in form, in movement, in accent (with strange lapses, however, such as recall the whilom flower-girl in the Duchess), their beauty is not equal to their offences, and does not atone for them." And so on. Finally, the reviewer gives a number of reasons why he has entered so fully into Mr. Phillips's case. These are two of them: "Because, if Mr. Phillips's poetic faculty is a full and lasting fund, it will be a grave misfortune if the author of 'Marpessa' is confirmed in the practice of his morbidities. Because, in the fact, that 'Marpessa' is a far finer, more spacious, more noble piece of work than the rest, there is hope that its author *can* be turned from his errors."

St. George, the organ of the Ruskin Society at Birmingham, announces that the Trustees of St. George's Guild are issuing a series of photographs of the examples of Art contained in the Ruskin Museum collection. They comprise reproductions of original drawings by Mr. Ruskin himself, and by the artists whom he specially employed for the purpose. The examples will serve either as extra illustrations to *The Principles of Art*, as expounded by Mr. Ruskin, and in which volume they are fully described, or for the purpose of being framed; and they are therefore to be obtained either mounted or unmounted.

THE private soldier who greeted Mr. Kipling so felicitously on his arrival at Cape Town has now "obliged again." He has sent to the *Chronicle* from the Cape a Barrack-room Ballad of his own, which has merit enough to stand alone. The subject, oddly enough overlooked by Mr. Kipling, is the death of a soldier, and his regiment's sudden change of attitude towards him. Here are two stanzas:

"'E'd little brains, I'll swear,
Beneath 'is ginger 'air,
'Is personal attractions, well, they wasn't
very large;
'E was fust in ev'ry mill,
An' a foul-mouthed cur, but still
We'll forgive 'im all 'is drawbacks—'e as
taken 'is discharge.

'E once got fourteen days,
For drunken, idle ways,
An' the Colonel said the nasty things that
colonels sometimes say;
'E called him to 'is face
The regiment's disgrace—
But the Colonel took 'is 'at off when 'e passed
'im by to-day."

The little poem, which is called "Ginger James," has the true note.

Is this a maxim among Johnsonian students: "Here's a man devoting his life to editing Bozzy; let us heave a brick at him"? John Wilson Croker did useful and patient work on Boswell's *Life*, and then Macaulay pronounced his notes a tissue of errors. And now Dr. George Birkbeck Hill, having quarried the Johnsonian field for years, is formally arraigned by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald's indictment comes to us in a quarto volume containing eighty-six double-column pages filled with Dr. Birkbeck Hill's "mistakes, misapprehensions, wild flounderings, and speculations."

WE have looked through the volume. The dust of editorial fisticuffs rises on every page, and we weary of the spectacle of one editor pummelling another. Many of Mr. Fitzgerald's corrections may be just. But his criticisms, as a whole, strike us as vexatious. Here is the sort of thing:

"The editor [Mr. Birkbeck Hill] gravely discusses all these matters. 'He [Johnson] might have returned either by the Oxford coach, which left at 8 a.m.—fare 15s.'; and, mark this: 'There were no outside passengers.' Here we touch firm ground, for, of course, Johnson must have travelled inside—that is, if he did travel by this vehicle. Or did he take "The Machine," which left the "Bear Inn" every Monday, Wednesday, &c., at 6 a.m.'? 'The Machine' or Oxford coach? Who can tell? The editor adds resignedly: 'What time these coaches neared London we are not told.' Johnson would prefer knowing what time they reached London.

But there is a further important point—viz., that "The Machine" was not licensed by the Vice-Chancellor.' Then more details about 'The Machine': It carried six inside passengers. And the serious point of luggage: 'Each inside passenger was allowed six pounds of luggage; beyond that weight a penny a pound was charged.' Bradshaw is not 'in it' with all this. Still the point is left unsettled: Had Johnson luggage? and how much? In default of evidence, the editor does the next best thing—he speculates. 'Had Johnson sent heavy luggage'—and how likely that was!—'he might have sent it by the University old stage waggon, which left'—and so on. And thus, bewildered by 'The Machine,' the 'Oxford coach,' the 'heavy waggon,' &c., we are left no wiser. I repeat, it seems incredible that any one could bring himself to write such things."

We are not impressed by Mr. Fitzgerald's ridicule of Dr. Hill's method, as shown in this passage. Dr. Hill's speculations about the coach, and the Doctor's luggage, strike us as amusing. To Mr. Fitzgerald they seem dull and superfluous. Well, Mr. Fitzgerald is not Dr. Hill, and within the covers of Boswell there ought to be room for individual editing. On the whole, Dr. Hill's silence under this attack strikes us as being more admirable than Mr. Fitzgerald's garrulity.

IN an address read at a meeting of the New York Branch of the Walt Whitman Fellowship: International, Mr. Le Gallienne has been delivering his true opinion of his fellow-members of the Omar Khayyam Club with a frankness that is not likely to be too pleasing to that body. Thus was the reference introduced: "Now look here, you Whitmanites, all I want to say is this—and I hope you won't think it impolite of me—you are, of course, delightful people, delightful hosts, but what I am chiefly concerned to know is—are you all real Whitmanites? . . . It means something to call ourselves Whitmanites—or it means nothing. If it means nothing, why not call ourselves by one of the many other immemorial names that mean nothing? Why not, for example, join the Respectables?" Such was Mr. Le Gallienne's spirited outburst.

AND then, by way of pointing his criticisms, he added:

"We have a club in London dedicated to the worship of Omar Khayyam. Think of the roses and raptures which that name suggests! But should you ever part the *portière* of vine-leaves and roses that screens with gaudy paganism the proprieties of its banqueting hall, what do you find? Forms slim as the cypress and wine-glad faces fair as the moon? No doubt there are members who would be Omar Khayyamites if they dared, members, indeed, who are Omar Khayyamites strictly under the rose; but all that the visiting eye beholds is a company of respectable middle-aged gentlemen over their claret. They look for all the world like old-maidish officials of the Board of Trade, and if you look for vine-leaves in their hair, you will for the most part find neither vine-leaves nor hair."

This is criticism from within, with a vengeance.

AND here we might quote the very free adaptation of "Persicos Odi" which some one has recently made with reference to Persian poetry:

"Boy, I dislike a paraphrase of Omar
Done into English second-hand from
Persian;
Roses distilled with patchouli's aroma
Are my aversion.
Give me instead the feast one faithful drew to,
Trumpeted forth by neither 'Star' nor
herald;
That loaf of bread, that jug of wine, and
you, too,
Rare old FitzGerald."

WHEN Mr Schofield, who describes Björnson and Ibsen in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, told Björnson that he had seen "John Gabriel Borkmann," this was the emphatic answer of the author of *In God's Way*. "Oh, that's a piece I can't stand: entirely pessimistic and useless; not the kind of thing we want at all. It won't do anybody any good." Subsequently, in talking of another matter, Björnson repeated his article of faith: "What we want in the future is a literature which will make men better."

A STORY of Ibsen told in the same article is a little puzzling to us. It is to the effect that Ibsen, being strongly averse from talking of his own work, and occasionally

having to rebuke inquisitive persons, once replied to a stranger who asked him what he had meant by *Peer Gynt*, "Oh, my dear madam, when I wrote *Peer Gynt* only our Lord and I knew what was meant; and as for me, I have forgotten." It is a good story, but has been told so often and so long of Browning that we know not how to receive it. Is it true? And if true, did Ibsen remember Browning's reply? Or did Browning remember Ibsen's? Or did both men arrive at their wit independently?

MR. SCHOFIELD records one important conversation: "One morning when I was sitting in his study, on the sofa (the place of honour in Norway as in Germany), he became delightfully talkative. He spoke freely of his plays, and explained why he thought 'The Emperor and the Galilean' the best and most enduring of them all. He seemed for once to be off his guard, and expressed opinions on various subjects. Suddenly he fell into a reverie. Unwilling to interrupt it, I was forced to listen for some time—rather uneasy, I admit—to the passing trolley cars, which kept up their incessant hissing in the street below. Finally, he said slowly, almost unconscious of my presence, 'Yes, I have tried always to live my own life—and I think I have been right.'"

THE quaint and simple description of "A London Sabbath Morn," which Stevenson wrote in the Burns stanza for the Scots section of his *Underwoods*, has been illustrated by a fellow Scot, Mr. A. S. Boyd, and published by Chatto & Windus. The result is an attractive book. Mr. Boyd's manner is a little harsh, but he has humour, and his admiration for the poem, and interest in the scenes it records, have lent his pencil sympathy. Most persons would be grateful for a glossary.

A NEW illustrated edition of *The Vicar of Wakefield* has been added by Messrs. Service & Paton to their standard novels. The artist, Mr. C. E. Brock, has made some charming pictures, one or two of them having a true Goldsmithian character. In the meeting of the Vicar and Olivia in the inn, the same incident as played at the Lyceum Theatre is distinctly recalled, which leads to the suggestion that the stage might be used by illustrators more than it is. Some of the scenery in "Olivia" was beautiful enough for reproduction as background in any book, and Sir Henry Irving's Dr. Primrose, Miss Terry's Olivia, and the late William Terriss's Squire Thornhill could hardly have been more picturesque. Perhaps in the illustrated edition of *The Little Minister*, which some day is certain to come, the artist will take hints from the Haymarket production.

APROPPOS of illustrations, the frontispiece to *Beauchamp's Career*, in the new edition of Mr. Meredith's novels, seems to us singularly unnecessary. The fact that there is yachting in the book has led to the inclusion of a photogravure plate, after a picture in the manner of Copley Fielding, entitled

"Off the Needles." Good novels are not so badly in need of pictorial aid as this suggests

It is fortunate, perhaps, that more books are projected than ever come to be written, and more written than are published; but now and then one hears of a scheme which one would like to see completed. "Temple Scott," who contributes a letter on English literary affairs to the *Chicago Dial*, says: "An author, unknown to fame, is writing a pamphlet with the following title: 'A Proposal Humbly offered to the Chancellor of the Exch-q-r, For the better regulation of the Publication of Books, and for bringing within modest bounds the pride and vanity of authors, as well as the arrogance of publishers.' He has taken his text from Horace: 'Insani sanas nomen ferat, æquas iniqui, Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.' I cannot tell you whether the tract will ever be published or not." We hope that it will

THE May number of the *Idler* will contain an authoritative article upon the career and influence of the late Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, by Mr. Max Beerbohm, illustrated by drawings that are little known, and some that have never before been published.

THE Council of University College, London, have appointed Mr. H. L. Callendar, M.A., F.R.S., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and now Professor of Physics in the McGill University, Montreal, to the Quain Chair of Physics in University College about to be vacated by Prof. Carey Foster.

It has been arranged to hold the Book-sellers' Dinner, under the auspices of the above institution, at the Holborn Restaurant, in the King's Hall, on Saturday, May 7. The committee have pleasure in stating that the Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L., M.P., has kindly consented to occupy the chair, and Mr. Sydney S. Pawling the vice-chair.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN announces a work, in two volumes, of interest to collectors of Japanese art, entitled *A Japanese Collection*, by Mr. Michael Tomkinson. It will be illustrated with about 125 photogravure plates of inros, swords, ivories, tsuba, pouches, pipes, fakusa, netsuke, embroideries, brocades, and lacquer.

MR. ALLEN also announces a new volume by M. Maeterlinck, entitled *Wisdom and Destiny*. For the appearance of Mr. Phil May's illustrated edition of *David Copperfield* October has been fixed.

MR. JOHN LONG will publish at once a volume of bizarre stories, to be called *The Sea of Loos*, by Walter Phelps Dodge, the author of *A Strong Man Armed*.

MISS CATHERINE M. PHILLIMORE is about to publish, through Mr. Elliot Stock, a study on *Dante at Ravenna*. It will treat of the less known part of Dante's life, and will show how much the poet was influenced by the place of his residence during the closing years of his life. Several illustrations from local photographs are included in the volume.

REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

IN a preface to the first collected edition of Swift's works, published in 1762, the editor fortifies himself against omitting one piece, or even a single sentence, of his author by adducing the opinion of the most learned men in Europe that "all his Weeds were Flowers in the best Gardens, and all the Trash, the Chippings of the richest brilliant Diamonds." But, good lack, if you turn over the leaves of those thirteen substantial volumes how much now appears obsolete and superfluous! For much is pure journalism, done, according to the fashion of the time, in pamphlets; and nothing is more changeable than the aspect of public affairs. It is true the keen historical student may force himself to wade through the political disquisitions, but it would be mere affectation to pretend that they possess any literary interest. His moral essays, whether they took the shape of letters or of sermons, belong to the same category. Had Dean Swift left only these behind, he and his works would have been long ago whelmed in oblivion. Yet even among them one is constantly meeting something to recall the fact that they were composed by the most brilliant writer of a brilliant age. For instance, sandwiched between the "Contests and Dissensions at Rome and the "Sentiments of a Church of England Man" is the delightful paper, scarce covering two pages, called "A Meditation upon a Broomstick," an inimitable parody of the Honourable Robert Boyle. Further on, we come to the dream of the lion and the virgins and the famous *Tatler* on *les petites morales*, with its vivid picture of squiredom in the days of Queen Anne. They are, it is true, only trifles, yet such trifles as genius alone is able to produce. It is the same throughout the other volumes. Swift as a controversialist is no longer readable, even as a writer of letters he is not attractive, but the moment he touches upon any theme that gives play to his invention, his observation and his satirical humour, he stands out as the man of his age.

Thackeray is less successful with Dean Swift than with any of the other wits he tried to present in *Emond*, and this was the more remarkable inasmuch as there is a certain kinship of genius between the two. Each, as it were, stood on a height, and observed life and character, but neither to any great extent had the gift of sympathetic creation. The world of *Henry Esmond* is coloured by the personality of Thackeray, and so it is with Swift; but the Victorian novelist, loving elegance and refinement, and caring little for the boisterous, burly force characteristic of the days of Anne, ever lends a softening tint to his picture. He leaves an impression of fine women as delicate in their manners as the ladies of our own day. If he ventures to carry them over the borders of gentility it is only to show

"two pairs of the finest and roundest arms to be seen in England (my lady Castlewood was remarkable for this beauty of her person) covered with flour up above the elbows, and

preparing paste and turning rolling pins in the housekeeper's closet."

His society is all like this. The men are in large periwigs and beautiful waistcoats and gold-hilted swords. Their conversation is gay and gallant and witty, as becomes beaux and fops, and a gentlemanly "Damme" does not detract from its general character. Who would guess from this evidence alone that the country described was that of the Yahoos! Let us change the spectacles of Thackeray for the bright, sharp eyes of the Dean, and how the glory of the time begins to fade. We take up the *Guide to Polite Conversation*, and find what is evidently a realistic picture of the manners of the time, imbedded though it be in a scathing burlesque of society small-talk. The most characteristic bits are unfit for the polite ears of the present day. Among other items of information we learn that a beauty and fortune was accustomed to spit at a dinner party, that there was nothing unusual in a fashionable young gentleman pulling her on his lap when occasion presented, that noble lords jested broadly before their hostess, and ladies talked in a manner hoydens would be ashamed of now. Here is a short specimen of the manners of the time, which has the additional merit of illustrating the cleverness with which Swift satirised the proverbs and, as we call them now, the *clichés* that formed the conversational stock-in-trade of the great.

"[All is taken away and the wine set down. Miss gives Neverout a smart pinch.]

NEV.: Lord, Miss, what d'ye mean? D'ye think I've no feeling?

MISS: I'm forced to pinch, for the Times are hard.

NEV. (Giving Miss a Pinch): Take that, Miss; what's Sawce for a Goose is Sawce for a Gander.

MISS (Screaming): Well, Mr. Neverout, if I live that shall neither go to Heaven nor Hell with you.

NEV. (Takes Miss's Hand): Come, Miss, let us lay all Quarrels aside and be Friends.

MISS: Don't be mauning and gauming a Body so. Can't you keep your filthy Hands to yourself?"

The savage pleasure Dean Swift took in unmasking the Yahoo-ishness of fine ladies is still more strikingly exemplified in the unfinished *Directions to Servants*, which in coarseness, vigour, and irony are unexcelled by anything the author did, and in the poems which, valueless as they are as poetry, are of priceless value as documents illustrative of the age. Almost alone among his contemporaries, the Dean prized the homely virtues of cleanliness and decency, carrying them to an excess in his own person, and he is never tired of showing that under the brave outward show of wigs, and laced hats and ruffles, of paint and powder and furbelows, the national habits could as yet only be described as filthy. His animadversions gain in strength even by his limitations. He had little appreciation of those eternal beauties that encompass human life in every age, be it in Ithaca or the London of Queen Anne: witness the vivid description of morning in the city. There are all the everyday and sordid figures—the immoral Betty stealing from

her master's bed "to discompose her own," "the slipshod Prentice" cleaning up and opening his master's shop, the housemaid with her mop, the youth seeking old nails in the kennel, the voices of the small-coal man, the chimney-sweep and the brick-dust woman, the duns meeting at his lordship's gate, the bailiffs taking their stand, and school-boys with satchels in their hand. It is keen and cynically observant; it lacks only "the light that never was," a touch of that glory of the morning which falls on city and on field alike, to have been poetry in essence as well as in form. And he was equally blind to what of passion and pathos and romance lay behind the ugly exterior facts of human life.

Yet it would be a false estimate of Dean Swift that dismissed him as a realist and nothing more. The work of his that bears the unmistakable impress of immortality, *Gulliver's Travels*, is born of an imagination as romantic as that of Scott, as close and firm as Defoe's. Their moral or allegory has long ceased to interest anyone but the pedant, and the only *longueurs* in them consist of the disquisitions in which are set forth the wickedness of self-complacent England. Not to amuse, but to find machinery for his preachment, he invented worlds as strange and delightful as the scenery of the *Arabian Nights*. By concentrating his imagination on detail, by stroke upon stroke of realistic description, he makes his Lilliputs, his Brobdingnagians, his Houhynym, as real to us as Crusoe's man Friday or the Old Man of the Sea. England has greatly changed, and the moral is no longer applicable, but new generations find these histories as fresh and readable as the story of Cinderella is to every new occupant of the nursery. But even here his success is not won by any command over character. The Brobdingnagian maid who set Gulliver astride on her nipple, the Lilliputian nobles who held a tournament on his handkerchief, and the white mare-servant of the wise Houhynym lord are but so many figures and mouthpieces. Like Thackeray, Dean Swift painted life as seen from his own eminence, vigilantly and, in a deep sense, truly; yet never in a way to make you feel that the company of shadows have assumed flesh and blood, that we no longer listen to one man speaking through many masks, that every man and woman of the troop is uttering his own deepest thoughts, is animated by her own passions. This supreme gift belongs to another type of artist, the type to which Shakespeare and Walter Scott belonged. But there is not a more searching test of imagination than the creation of a fairyland, one that for the time being imposes itself on the mind as vividly as Dante's Hell, or the enchanted island of the *Tempest*; and by so much as imagination is greater than wit, and irony, and all the other mental gifts, so do *Gulliver's Travels* excel all else in Swift.

In this writer, however, the manner is of equal importance with the matter, and the briefest notice would be incomplete without some word about his great and unique style. He lived when English prose was at its high-water mark. It is true that everybody who wrote at all tried to write verse, but an utterly false taste in verse prevailed. The majestic harmonies of Milton and the sweep-

ing energy of the Elizabethans were alike unrivalled by Dryden and Pope, who, with undeniable gifts, worked under a bad convention. It was the day when *Cato* became the rage and Colley Cibber was in his glory, and people thought much of verse no man can read now.

But it was an era rich in prose, the richest in our history. Over and over again it has happened that the prose of a whole period has been ruined by the worship of a bad ideal. Someone, with an inherently defective style arises and wins success despite his weakness. Then that great, good-natured, ill-judging British public assumes that the manner is the best, and lends a cold ear to those who do not adopt it, and so a period of bad English sets in. Lyly was the first conspicuous sinner with his *Euphues*. Sir Thomas Browne set a bad example to Dr. Johnson, who, in his turn, led hosts of successors astray. The bad models of our own day—I speak of them only as models, not as passing judgment on their merits—have been Macaulay, Carlyle, and Ruskin. That one and all of them could write noble English is altogether outside the question. The assertion simply is, that whoever tries to imitate the mechanical cadences and antitheses of Macaulay, Carlyle's licentious disregard of form, or Ruskin's love of ornament, is meeting failure—artistic failure, at any rate—more than half-way.

But the strength of the great prose-writing of Queen Anne's time is that it belonged to no school. Fielding fashioned a style that exactly suited the expression of his own frank, ironical, sunny-natured self. His novels may be searched in vain for an affected word—for a word, that is, which does not seem the most natural for the occasion. It was the method Addison pursued, with a very different temperament; and it was the method of Jonathan Swift. We have been admitted to his workshop in a passage that deserves to be coned by everyone who would write well. It occurs in the preface afore-mentioned.

"The Author [writes the editor] consented to the printing on the following conditions: 'That no Jobb should be made but full Value given for the money; that the Editor should attend him early every Morning, or when most convenient, to read to him, that the Sound might strike the Ear as well as the Sense the Understanding, and had always two Men Servants present for the purpose; and when he had any Doubt, he would ask them the meaning of what he heard? Which, if they did not comprehend, he would alter and amend, until they understood it perfectly well, and then he would say, *This will do; for I write to the Vulgar more than to the Learned.*'"

The story reminds us of Molière and his housekeeper; of Dante and his resolve to forsake Latin and write his epic in the common tongue, that the unlearned might understand; and of Homer and the rich folk-songs of many lands, which, without exception, were addressed to the rude bulk of humanity. To be clear is the first merit of prose, and Swift has this merit to the highest degree. Yet it is obvious that plain speech is not of itself a means to salvation. Where there is mental poverty it only advertises the barrenness of the land, which is the reason why so many are driven

to be complicated and obscure, so as to obtain the show of a distinction not really belonging to them. The question, then, to be decided is, whether a writer is strong enough to appear without borrowed plumage, and with his shortcomings bare. M. Sainte-Beuve, in his introduction to the works of Molière, relates with approval Tieck's story of Lord Southampton despatching his servant to the inn where the young Shakespeare listened silently while Marlowe harangued the company, and asked him to give a message to him who had the most human face. But Swift's bore not the impress of all that humanity feels, and his writing is marked by one or two strongly developed characteristics rather than by a multitude of emotions. The passion of love he may have felt, though we cannot here enter upon the pitiful stories of Vanessa and Stella; it is not at all in his writing. And how far his contempt of women was balanced by mercy and charity no one but himself knew. It belonged to his nature to cloak and hide whatever was most pure and devout in his character, and he consistently showed his worst to the world. His writing has few, if any, of the great and masterly phrases that embellish the pages of Browne. He did not strive after the limpid purity of Addison. You find no suggestion of that union of pathos, sentiment, and humour invented by Laurence Sterne, and so often attempted in our own day. Even his irony lacks the genial polish that lends unbounded charm to Fielding. It is, indeed, irony of an entirely different kind, begotten, perhaps, in mercy and compassion, but born in wrath and bitterness. Not unseldom it has the effect of an ingrained habit of mind, but oftener still it is edged by the very deepest feeling. His writing is certainly no milk for babes, but is strong, coarse meat for men.

It seems to me a pity that there should be a rage for the complete works of an author much of whose writing had only a passing interest. The best alone is worth preserving, and in the Dean's case there can be little dispute about what the best is. His masterpieces are undoubtedly the various travels and adventures of Lemuel Gulliver. With these should be included the *Tale of a Tub* and the *Journal to Stella*, perhaps also the *Battle of the Books*. Some of the briefer essays are so excellently written and preserve so vivid a picture of the times that a volume might be made of them. The *Polite Conversation* as a literary curiosity is worth preserving, and so are the *Directions to Servants*. A number of the poems deserve preservation for the sake of their local colour and their picture of manners; certainly "the humble petition of Frances Harris" is so perfect a transcript of the eighteenth century chamber-maid that the humorist will not let it die. Thus, few of our writers have left behind a larger body of strong and vital work; but there is almost an equal amount of controversy and sermon that should be tossed to oblivion: things that but cumber the writer's fame.

P.

THREE BARDS OF THE BUSH.

I.—HENRY LAWSON.

NEARLY eight years have passed since Lamb reviewed Barron Field's *First Fruits of Australian Poetry* in the *Examiner*, and now Australia counts her poets by the score. Her papers are filled with song—rough and ready, it is true, far removed from the Sydney Judge's echoes of Andrew Marvell and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; but song none the less.

"I first adventure; follow me who list:
And be the second Austral harmonist."

Such was the couplet at the head of Lamb's quaint and savoury little article. With three Austral harmonists who have listed to follow we are now concerned—with Mr. Henry Lawson, Mr. Edward Dyson, and Mr. A. B. Paterson—all young men, not far advanced in their careers, and each with something to say and a direct way of saying it. This is not, perhaps, their order of merit, but it is the order in which it seems best to take them: beginning with Mr. Lawson's *In the Days when the World was Wide*, passing on to Mr. Dyson's *Rhymes from the Mines*, and ending with Mr. Paterson's *The Man from Snowy River*.

There are living Australian writers—settlers or natives—who may be able to do better work. Mr. Brunton Stephens, for example, has a high reputation, but from this triad we get the genuine outlook of men who have done things first and have written of them afterwards. They give us Australian life, whether of the station or the mines, of the bush or the city, from within: matter before manner. Manner will, of course, come later; art for art's sake, and all the rest of it; just now Australia is still too young, too busy, to be bothered with it.

Mr. Lawson, whose prose volume, *While the Billy Boils*, was reviewed in these columns last year, has much of the poet's dower of scorn. He rages at the inequality of the world, at pretence and self-righteousness, at the encroachments of civilisation. His is the temperament that is for ever looking back—both to his own and the world's early days. Thus he sings:

"They tried to live as a freeman should—they
were happier men than we,
In the glorious days of wine and blood, when
Liberty crossed the sea;
'Twas a comrade true or a foe then, and
a trusty sword well tried—
They faced each other and fought like men
in the days when the world was wide.

We fight like women, and feel as such; the
thoughts of our hearts we guard;
Where scarcely the scorn of a god could
touch, the sneer of a sneak hits hard;
The treacherous tongue and cowardly pen,
the weapons of curs, decide—
They faced each other and fought like men
in the days when the world was wide."

Mr. Lawson, like all those who pit the past against the present, probably argues on insufficient data; but he is entitled to his standpoint, and he is true to it too. His intolerance, moreover, never extends to the unfortunate. Cynical he certainly

is, and an impatient censor of pettiness, but let there be a touch of generosity, a hint of picturesqueness, in a scoundrel and his smile is won. He has the Colonial's hatred of circumscribed spaces and social ordinances. He wants to be allowed to do as he likes, to wear what he likes—in short, to be free. Hence his poetry is the poetry of the emancipated, the poetry of the wayfarer under broad skies, whether by land or sea. Here is Mr. Lawson on shipboard:

"A god-like ride on a thundering sea,
When all but the stars are blind,
A desperate race from Eternity
With a gale-and-a-half behind.
A jovial spree in the cabin at night,
A song on the rolling deck,
A lark ashore with the ships in sight,
Till—a wreck goes down with a wreck.

A smoke and a yarn on the deck by day,
When life is a waking dream,
And care and trouble so far away
That out of your life they seem.
A roving spirit in sympathy,
Who has travelled the whole world o'er—
My heart forgets, in a week at sea,
The trouble of years on shore."

The "simplifying sea" has not had many more vigorous tributes.

One cannot help wishing that Mr. Lawson would always write his poetry at sea; then he might keep bitterness out of it. As it is, his bitterness is against him. In his prose it rarely asserts itself, but in his poetry it is always showing through the lines. We cannot but regret it. A man with so keen an eye for character, so vigilant an observer, so sound a humorist as Mr. Lawson proves himself to be in *While the Billy Boils*, is wasting time in reiterating trite attacks on society. We would give all his reflections on mankind in the abstract for another lyric as good as this commentary on Salvation Army persistence:

"When the kindly hours of darkness, save for
light of moon and star,
Hide the picture on the signboard over
Doughty's Horse Bazaar;
When the last rose-tint is fading on the
distant mulga scrub,
Then the 'Army' prays for Watty at the
entrance of his pub.

Now, I often sit at Watty's when the night
is very near,
With a head that's full of jingles and the
fumes of bottled beer,
For I always have a fancy that, if I am over
there,
When the 'Army' prays for Watty, I'm
included in the prayer.

Watty lounges in his armchair, in its old
accustomed place,
With a fatherly expression on his round and
passive face;
And his arms are clasped before him, in a
calm, contented way,
And he nods his head and dozes when he
hears the 'Army' pray.

And I wonder does he ponder on the distant
years and dim,
Or his chances over yonder, when the
'Army' prays for him?
Has he not a fear connected with the war:
place down below,
Where, according to good Christians, all
the publicans should go?

But his features give no token of a feeling in
his breast,
Save of peace that is unbroken and a
consciousness well at rest;
And we guzzle as we guzzled long before the
'Army' came,
And the loafers wait for 'shouters,' and—
they get there just the same.

It would take a lot of praying—lots of
thumping on the drum—
To prepare our sinful, straying, erring souls
for Kingdom Come;
But I love my fellow-sinners, and I hope,
upon the whole,
That the 'Army' gets a hearing when it
prays for Watty's soul."

That is a piece of true humour, and we look
to Mr. Lawson for more of the same
character.

Messrs. Turner & Sutherland, in their
work on *The Development of Australian
Literature* (Longmans & Co.), are severe
upon Mr. Lawson's reply to his critics under
the Byronic title "Australian Bards and
Bush Reviewers"; but it seems to us he
has reason. It is annoying to have one's
name continually linked with a predecessor,
and Mr. Lawson has individuality of his
own which should have been recognised
and respected. This is his retaliation:

"While you use your best endeavour to immor-
talise in verse
The gambling and the drink which are your
country's greatest curse,
While you glorify the bully and take the
spieler's part—
You're a clever Southern writer, scarce inferior
to Bret Harte.

If you sing of waving grasses when the plains
are dry as bricks,
And discover shining rivers where there's only
mud and sticks;
If you picture 'mighty forests' where the
mulga spoils the view—
You're superior to Kendall, and ahead of
Gordon too.

If you swear there's not a country like the
land that gave you birth,
And its sons are just the noblest and most
glorious chaps on earth;
If in every girl a Venus your poetic eye
discerns,
You are gracefully referred to as the 'Young
Australian Burns.'

But if you should find that bushmen—spite
of all the poets say—
Are just common brother-sinners, and you're
quite as good as they—
You're a drunkard and a liar, a cynic and a
sneak,
Your grammar's simply awful and your in-
tellect is weak."

We like this. It has spirit. And Mr.
Lawson is too true to himself to care so
much for hostile opinion as to forswear his
own beliefs. Let him continue to find the
bushmen common brother-sinners, and to
write about their sinning and repenting,
and we, at any rate, will gladly read him.
Besides he has, what the Bush Reviewers
would seem to have overlooked, love of
country. A poet with love of country has
at least one asset which must not be dis-
regarded. Mr. Lawson's patriotic poem,
"The Star of Australasia," is one of the
best things Australia has done.

PURE FABLES.

I.

CLASSIFICATION.

The morning stars sang together.

And a person of delicate ear and nice
judgment discussed the singing at length,
and showed how and wherein one star
differed from another, and which was great
and which was not.

And still the morning stars sang together.

II.

THE UNTAMEABLE.

Fate forgot to clip a poet's wings. So
that there was no holding him, and his
friends despaired.

And then a book he had written began to
sell. And within the lapsing of a moon
you might have seen him eat sugar out of
ladies' hands.

III.

MEDIUM.

A worker in verse made a book upon
Love, and got nothing for it. And a worker
in prose made a book upon the same matter,
and was able to take his family to Bexhill
for a week.

"It is a mundane world," said the
verseman.

"But it suits me very well," said the
proseman.

IV.

THE PERSONAL NOTE.

"Eheu!" sighed a poet, "The people
will not be moved; and I have shown them
my heart!"

"Thy heart," quoth his friend "is noth-
ing. . . . Show them their own!"

V.

BODLEY.

A Bodley poet died, and passed unto the
country which hath been for the souls of
poets from the beginning.

And while he was yet newly arrived, a
company of souls waited upon him with a
greeting, and inquired if he would be kind
enough to inform them how he chanced to
fare thither.

And he smiled and said, "I am the
author of certain slight verses."

"What name?" demanded they.

And he told them his name.

"We have heard of you," they answered.

"Sixty-four heavy-led pages triennially!
Now, everybody here hath written *tomos*—
few, or many, according to the number of
his mortal years."

"Ah," remarked the Bodley poet, "and
everybody in the world of the flesh is saying
how badly all you fellows want editing
down."

VI.

SUGGESTION.

A man ranged cowslips on a stall, and
wondered how many he should give for a
penny.

And another man, passing, caught the
gleam and the odour of them, and had a
vision of a blue valley touched with gold,
and April scattering desultory rains.

T. W. H. C.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

NEVER was a published correspondence so badly, so injudiciously edited as that of Ernest Renan and M. Berthelot. A man of science may have attained all possible glory in his special department, but that is insufficient reason to regard himself as a delightful or even an interesting letter-writer. Never was a duller, a more insignificant correspondent than the eminent M. Berthelot; and yet, with an inexcusable vanity, he publishes his thousand and one mediocre and passably trivial letters to Renan, while the public only wanted those of the immortal dead. One reads the mighty tome to the bitter end, asking in vain the word of the riddle. Who on earth sighed for the letters of M. Berthelot, of even Mme. Berthelot, of whom the world has never heard, any more than we have heard of hundreds of respectable Mesdames Chose, excellent housekeepers, faithful guardians of the bourgeois home, with nothing to say, but who have the fortune not to say it? Among those of Renan at least half of the letters might have been suppressed. Those relating to his family, to his private affairs, have not the slightest value. The public has nothing to learn from the domestic side of Renan's character, while the family, still living, has much to resent and deplore in this futile desecration of a much too recent existence. After several centuries it is of the deepest interest to humanity to read Philip II.'s most charming domestic correspondence, because here we are confronted with a psychological problem. But poor Renan, writing about whooping-cough and scarlatina, says nothing the man across the way might not have said, expresses in our common language sentiments common to the costermonger, the grocer, and the peer.

The evil of this indiscriminate publication lies in the fact that really important letters, letters that here in Paris created a sensation, and whose value will increase and not diminish with posterity, are lost in a heap of rubbish. Renan's letters on Rome ought to have been published apart, so impressive, so fresh, so original are they. Here is a Rome new to us: Renan's Rome—a lucid creation. No poet's dream this, no startling impressionism, no revised Winckelmanism, but a point of view solidly individual. "I had not understood the meaning of a popular religion, accepted naively, without criticism by a people; I had not understood a people ceaselessly creating in religion, taking its dogmas in a true and breathing fashion. Make no illusion, this race is as Catholic as the Arabs of the Mosque are Moslem. Its religion is the religion, and to speak against it is to speak against its interest, as it feels it, just as real as every other need of nature." "I have found in this people, in their faith, their civilisation, an incomparable loftiness, poetry and ideality." He went to Rome to sneer, and remained to admire. There he found nothing cheap, nothing vulgar, the ideal everywhere. Paris, London, are centres of comfort and profanity; Rome is the home of the soul, the spirit, and the Madonna has

conquered Renan. Here to dwell, renouncing action, thought, criticism, nourished upon soft impressions, adoring in spirit, living the noble life of the soul. Hitherto he had interpreted Catholicism through the abhorred caste of priests and prelates; now he recognises it as a spontaneous and simple faith of the people. "You would never believe how much this race lives in the world of imagination." All these letters on Rome are of the highest value. The pity they are lost among so many of no value whatever.

Daudet's posthumous novel, *Soutien de Famille*, is, like most of Daudet's recent work, dull and heavy. Daudet mistook his vocation, to our eternal regret. He was meant to teach us the lesson of life through laughter, with the fine point of irony imperceptibly blunted by tenderness. He was a "little-son" (as a more significant term than our own grandson) of Cervantes; a very little son, it is true, but family resemblance was strong enough to ensure our gratitude and admiration. He was never meant to preach, or to reform; but the latter-day morosity of fiction entered his system like a fatal poison, and instead of telling us, with his delicate Southern smile, life for sure is a miserable farce, but let us agree to outwit destiny, and by our gaiety turn it into a pleasantry, he took it into his head to mount the pulpit, and there detonate against modern vices and exhort us to the practice of old-fashioned virtues. Good enough, doubtless, for a Tolstoi, an Ibsen, whose genius is fashioned for this magnificent, but gloomy task. But Daudet! With *Les Contes Choisis*, *Le Petit Chose*, *Tartarin*—the sublime, the delicious, the unforgettable Tartarin behind him! The radiant, tender, ironical Alphonse Daudet, with a severely buttoned coat and high collar, a pair of spectacles instead of the interrogative and impertinent eyeglass, the Merovingian mane plastered into clerical order, voice toneless and severe, vanished the sunny smile, the inapproachable delicacy of touch, the magic charm, vanished the grace and wit. This is the Daudet of *Soutien de Famille*. A notable novel of a surety; a scathing satire upon the theatrical pomposity of the French attitude in public and private life. A big businessman, unable to meet his liabilities, commits suicide, and orators and friends gather round his eldest son, a vain and feeble lad, and gloriously address him as the family breadwinner. The boy is at once crushed by the importance of his rôle. At school he confides to a comrade his resemblance to Hamlet. Both have a part to play beyond their power. From dint of dwelling on his ruthless destiny, the boy is for ever incapacitated for earning even his own bread. He is supported first by his mother, then by his younger brother, then by his mistress, and, terrified by the unexpected responsibility of fatherhood, becomes a soldier. Here he has no bread to earn, nothing to think of but the automaton march to "One, two; One, two," and here he finds his insignificant destiny.

The *Revue de Paris* this month publishes the political manifestoes of the four brilliant leaders of Parliament. Brilliant is, of course, a relative term applied to a French Parliamentarian. Heaven only knows

what French politics mean. Whatever each party may have at heart, it certainly is not the dignity of the nation, the respect of law, of justice, of humanity. A Socialist deputy defies the Government, qualifies the magistrature as infamous, casts mud in handfuls at constituted authority. The gratified Chamber at once orders that the speech shall be posted on the walls outside the House, all over the city, and all over the country. One wonders why. M. Poincaré, whose manifesto is certainly the most remarkable of the four, may be regarded as the spokesman of the Constitutional Republicans. He believes, incorrigible pessimist that he is, that the future is sufficiently obscure to justify the darkest apprehensions. M. Denys Cochin clamours for monarchy, which is not particularly promising with nothing better than a Duke of Orleans in view. Alas! poor France. H. L.

THE WEEK.

IT may be many years before the world receives all that can be given to it of the writings of Sir Richard F. Burton. It was Burton's habit to work at several books at a time. Books, or partly executed works, were apt to accumulate on his hands, and on his death, in addition to forty-eight published works, there remained twenty MSS. in different stages of completion. Lady Burton was arranging for the successive publication of these books when she died; and now the task of dealing with them has been entrusted by her sister, Mrs. Fitzgerald, to Mr. W. H. Wilkins, who, as is well known, enjoyed the confidence of Lady Burton. Mr. Wilkins gives interesting accounts in his preface to *The Jew, The Gypsy, and El Islam*, just issued. "The first part—'The Jew,' " writes Mr. Wilkins, "has a somewhat curious history. Burton collected most of the materials for writing it from 1869 to 1871, when he was Consul at Damascus. His intimate knowledge of Eastern races and languages, and his sympathy with Oriental habits and lines of thought, gave him exceptional facilities for ethnological studies of this kind. Disguised as a native, and unknown to any living soul except his wife, the British Consul mingled freely with the motley populations of Damascus, and inspected every quarter of the city—Muslim, Christian, and Jewish. His inquiries bore fruit in material, not only for this general essay on the Jew, but for an appendix dealing with the alleged rite of human sacrifice among the Sephardim or Eastern Jews, and more especially the mysterious murder of Padre Tomaso at Damascus in 1840. There is little doubt that his inquiry into these subjects was one of the reasons which aroused the hostility of the Damascus Jews against him; and that hostility was a powerful factor, though by no means the only one, in his recall by Lord Granville in 1871."

Burton several times thought of publishing his work on "The Jew"; but the advice of friends, and considerations of self-interest, deterred him. He fully intended, however, to issue the book when he had retired from the Consular Service. He died five months before his term of office (at Trieste) had expired. Mr. Wilkins is therefore fully

justified in publishing the book now; but he still withholds the startling appendix on the alleged rite of human sacrifice among the Sephardim and the murder of Padre Tomaso.

Concerning the second sketch, "The Gypsy," Mr. Wilkins writes:

"Burton's interest in the Gypsies was lifelong; and when he was a lieutenant in the Bombay army and quartered in Sindh, he began his investigations concerning the affinity between the Jats and the Gypsies. During his many travels in different parts of the world, whenever he had the opportunity, he collected fresh materials with a view to putting them together some day. In 1875 his controversy with Bataillard provoked him into compiling his long contemplated work on the Gypsies. Unfortunately other interests intervened, and the work was never completed. It was one of the many unfinished things Burton intended to complete when he should have quitted the Consular Service. . . . Even as it stands, however, 'The Gypsy' is a valuable addition to ethnology; for apart from Burton's rare knowledge of strange peoples and tongues, his connexion with the Gypsies lends to the subject a unique interest. There is no doubt that he was affiliated to this strange people by nature, if not by descent."

The third paper, "El Islam; or, The Rank of Muhammadanism among the Religions of the World," is one of the oldest of the Burton MSS. Mr. Wilkins judges it to have been written soon after Burton's pilgrimage to Mecca in 1853.

THE new biographical edition of the Complete Works of W. M. Thackeray, which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have projected, is inaugurated this week by the publication of *Vanity Fair*. Thackeray wished that no biography of him should appear. It is certain that the world has never ceased to desire one. Hence the compromise effected in this edition of his works. Mrs. Ritchie, his daughter, will contribute to each volume in this edition her memories of the circumstances under which her father produced it. Such memoirs, when complete, cannot fall far short of being an actual biography. For example, we have a biographical introduction to *Vanity Fair* forty pages in length, and in it Mrs. Ritchie contrives to give much information about its author, beginning—not in 1845, the date of the book—but in 1817, "when the little boy, so lately come from India, found himself shut in behind those filigree iron gates at Chiswick of which he writes when he describes Miss Pinkerton's establishment." We select for quotation the following passage in Mrs. Ritchie's sketch, relating to the launching of *Vanity Fair*:

"I still remember going along Kensington Gardens, with my sister and our nurse-maid, carrying a parcel of yellow numbers, which she had given us to take to some friend who lived across the Park; and as we walked along, somewhere near the gates of the Gardens, we met my father, who asked us what we were carrying. Then, somehow, he seemed vexed and troubled, told us not to go on, and to take the parcel home. Then he changed his mind, saying that if his grandmother wished it, the books had best be conveyed; but we guessed, as children do, that something was seriously amiss. The sale of *Vanity Fair* was so small

that it was a question at that time whether its publication should not be discontinued altogether. I have always been told that it was Mrs. Perkins's Ball which played the part of pilot or steam-tug to that great line-of-battle ship *Vanity Fair*, and which brought it safely off the shoals. In later days I have heard my father speak of those times, and say that besides Mrs. Perkins's Ball a review in the *Edinburgh Review* by Mr. S. Hayward greatly helped the sale of *Vanity Fair*. We have still one or two of the early designs of the *Vanity Fair* drawings—Jos holding Becky's skein; old Sedley in his coffee-house, with his head in his hands, waiting for prosperity to come back to him; and, among the rest, Becky at the fancy fair selling to Dobbin with two or three hats fitted on to his head and shoulders. There is also a little sepia suggestion for the picture of Becky's first introduction to a baronet, and a first rough suggestion for the cover, two little pencil warriors with a flying pennant, on which are inscribed the titles of the book."

Mrs. Ritchie has this tantalising note about Miss Becky Sharp:

"I may as well also state here, that one morning a hansom drove up to the door, and out of it emerged a most charming, dazzling little lady dressed in black, who greeted my father with great affection and brilliancy, and who, departing presently, gave him a large bunch of fresh violets. This was the only time I ever saw the fascinating little person, who was by many supposed to be the original of Becky."

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have selected a simple red binding for the series, with Thackeray's initials in monogram on the front cover, and the illustrations are Thackeray's own. The edition has real importance.

THE BOOK MARKET.

AMERICAN PRICES FOR ENGLISH BOOKS.

THAT America is draining the Old Country of her books is a commonplace of book-selling. One wonders how long it will be before English collectors will have to send to New York for treasures which are becoming every year fewer in their own country. Doubtless, such a day is still far off. But how formidable the American collector has become may be gathered from a long and elaborate list of prices fetched by books in New York since 1856, which the *New York Times* has just published. The year 1856 was selected as the starting-point of the list, because in that year, for the first time, a book was sold in New York for 200 dols. (about £40). The list includes the most significant prices obtained on all the important sales held in New York since that date. As showing, therefore, the growth of book-collecting in America, it has historical interest. We cannot print an eight part of it; but we have thought it interesting to give a list of prices (in English money) paid in New York during the last seven years for English standard works in rare editions. We reproduce, also, the *New York Times*' bibliographical notes:

Milton's "Comus," dark blue morocco, by Matthews ... £85 0 0

Milton's "Lycidas," dark blue morocco, by Bedford ... £63 0 0

(The only copies of "Comus" and "Lycidas" that have come into an American auction room. Now in the possession of Marshall C. Lefferts. They were once Mr. Kalbfleisch's, and later Mr. Foote's, both of whom disposed of them at private sale.)

Milton's "Paradise Lost" ... 43 0 0

(First edition, and the issue with the author's name in large capitals. Corner of last leaf mended. Turner's copy, which brought £33.)

Barclay's "Ship of Fools," London, printed by Pynson, 1509, brown morocco, by Bedford ... 165 0 0

(Now in library of Marshall C. Lefferts.)

Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600, James Roberts, red morocco, by Haday ... 145 0 0

Shakespeare's "Lear," 1603, Nathaniel Butler, short imprint ... 85 0 0

Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," n. d. ... 105 0 0
(Utterson's copy, which brought £19.)

Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," 1609, red morocco, by Bedford ... 158 0 0

Shakespeare's "Merry Wives," 1619, original covers ... 150 0 0

Shakespeare's "Richard the Third," 1622 ... 54 0 0

Shakespeare's "Poems," red morocco, by Bedford ... 100 0 0

(Shakespeare.) "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600 ... 50 0 0

Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," 1636, blue morocco, by Bedford 230 0 0

(One of two known perfect copies, the other being in the British Museum. Brought £49 10s. in London in 1856; rebound by Bedford, was sold in 1857 for £56. Later passed into the possession of Almon W. Griswold; purchased at Ives sale by Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, R. I.; at Corser sale it had brought £55.)

(Hieronymus.) "Vitas Patrum," printed by De Worde ... 72 0 0

(The Perkins copy, which brought £180. Now in library of Marshall C. Lefferts.)

"Laws of Virginia," 1662 ... 41 0 0
(Title-page torn slightly.)

Allot's "England's Parnassus," purple morocco, by Bedford ... 42 0 0

Braithwaite's "Barnabae Itinerarium," blue morocco, by Ramage. 40 0 0

E. B. Browning's "Battle of Marathon," uncut, morocco, by Riviere ... 66 0 0

(8 by 5½. Cost Mr. Foote in London £14.)

Browning's "Pauline," uncut, original boards ... 42 0 0

Cowley's "Poetical Blossoms," blue morocco, by Walker ... 44 0 0

De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," three volumes, red morocco, by Bedford. (Now in library of H. C. Sturges.)	62	0	0
Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," two volumes, levant morocco, by Riviere	68	0	0
(Cost Mr. Foote, in New York, 75 dols. Now in Boston Public Library.)			
Gray's "Elegy," morocco, by Riviere	54	0	0
Herbert's "Temple," Cambridge, Thos. Buck and Roger Daniel, n.d. (6 by 3 3-16. One of two known copies of the undated edition of "The Temple," the other being in the Huth library. At the Brand sale in 1807 it was bought by Richard Heber for £3, and was resold at his sale in 1834 for £10. At Pickering sale, 1854, was resold for £19 15s., and again at Daniel sale, 1864, for £30 10s. About twenty years later Mr. Foote paid 250 dols. for it in this city. It is now in the Hoe library.)	210	0	0
Lamb's "Rosamond Gray," uncut, blue morocco, by Ruban... .. (6½ by 4½. Cost Mr. Foote, in London, £5.)	70	0	0
Lamb's "Poetry for Children," two volumes, original calf (Now in library of E. D. Church.)	84	0	0
Lamb's "Prince Dorus," uncut, original covers (Now in library of Dean Sage.)	48	0	0
Lovelace's "Lucasta," morocco, by Stikeman	44	0	0
Milton's "Poems," morocco, by Ruban	74	0	0
Milton's "Paradise Lost," morocco, by Alfred Matthews (First edition and the issue with the author's name in small capitals 7½ by 5½. Cost Mr. Foote, in New York, 65 dollars. Now in library of W. A. White.)	105	0	0
Tennyson's "Idylls," morocco, by Ruban (Proof sheets, with Tennyson's corrections, of "Enoch Arden." Cost Mr. Foote, in London, £10. Now in library of Harry B. Smith.)	45	0	0
Caxton's "Chronicle of England," 1480 (110 leaves between signatures C and S. Gardner's copy.)	100	0	0
Milton's "Paradise Lost" (First edition, and the issue with the author's name in small capitals.)	79	0	0
Shakespeare: First Folio, red morocco, by Stamper (11½ by 7½. Verses, title-page, except portrait, preliminary leaves, and last four leaves of Cymbeline in facsimile.)	100	0	0
Shakespeare: Third Folio (Title-page, first preliminary leaf, and last leaf in facsimile.)	75	0	0

Shakespeare's "King John," 1611 (The Steevens and Roxburghe copy. At Steevens sale, £1 18s.; at Roxburghe sale, £1 3s.)	46	0	0
Shakespeare's "Richard the Second," 1634, morocco, by Hammond	42	0	0
Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," 1586 (The Roxburghe, Sykes, and Heber copy. At Roxburghe sale, £21; at Sykes sale, £9; at Heber sale, £3 3s.; resold in 1854 for £4 10s.)	60	0	0

A significant thing in the above list is the high prices which the American collector is willing to give for the rare editions of such modern writers as Lamb, Browning, and Tennyson. The list is, indeed, suggestive reading; how ripe and English must be some bookshelves in the palaces of New York and Boston. Yet, who knows?—the wind of fashion veers strangely, and perhaps English collectors will ere long be keen buyers of Mather's *Wussukuhonk en Christianene*, Dickinson's *God Protecting Providence*, Williams's *Bloody Tenant yet more Bloody*, Alsop's *Character of the Province of Maryland*, and other American tit-bits.

DRAMA.

TWO AMERICAN PLAYS.

PLUS ça change, plus c'est la même chose," said Alphonse Karr on one occasion of French Ministries. The remark might very properly be applied to melodrama apropos of the annual visits paid us by the American companies under the control of the Frohman management. Outwardly there is little resemblance between "The Heart of Maryland," now being presented at the Adelphi, and the class of entertainment with which the theatre has so long been identified. "The Heart of Maryland," like its immediate predecessor, "Secret Service," is a story of the American Civil War. Almost without exception the male characters wear the uniform of the North or the South; the female interest, such as it is, is wholly identified with the combatants on one side or the other; questions of military movements, tactics, treatment of prisoners, espionage, and other incidentals of campaigning constitute the burden of the action. But at bottom the story is identical with that of the conventional melodrama associated with the names of Pettitt, Sims, and other popular purveyors. The villain basely plots against the heroine's honour and the hero's life, and after all but succeeding is duly foiled and handed over to justice, so that the curtain falls upon a happy ending. Nothing is really changed but the clothes and the names of the *dramatis personæ*. As usual, the action works up to a sensational device in the third act; but even this exhibits no novelty, being reproduced from a melodrama of fifty years ago, written by a once well-known, but now forgotten, journeyman of letters, Albert Smith.

What, then, is the literary value of Mr. David Belasco's latest handiwork? I am afraid the answer must be "nil." Mr. Belasco enjoys a certain reputation in the United States as a dramatist, but it is that of a "nailer-up"—as the Americans graphically express it—rather than an inventor of dramatic effects. One looks in vain in this latest Adelphi production for any freshness of idea or any originality of treatment, though we are given to understand that "The Heart of Maryland" has, during the past two years, enjoyed a considerable degree of success in its own country. That this should be so augurs ill for the success of the American invasion of the London West End theatres, which the Frohman management is now so energetically conducting. "Secret Service" was, no doubt, a play of exceptional merit; but, generally speaking, the American drama occupies a lower level than the English. The proper home of such a piece as "The Heart of Maryland" is not the Adelphi, but the Surrey. American invention exhausts itself in mechanical pursuits; it has none left for the stage.

SUCH interest as "The Heart of Maryland" may inspire depends solely upon its somewhat opportune presentment of the features of grim-visaged war. Fighting is supposed to be going on in the wings in every act; the noise of artillery is unceasing; files of prisoners and wounded men cross the stage at intervals; laconic messages are constantly being received and despatched; the stage resounds with hoarse and unintelligible words of command. If this is not war up-to-date, it sufficiently fulfils the public notion of war. Drama, however, it is not. The first two acts convey no coherent idea to the spectator; it is impossible to tell in what relation the five-and-twenty or thirty characters, an army in themselves, stand to each other. From first to last, indeed, the author never succeeds in interesting us in the fate or fortunes of any particular set of characters. A Southern lady is understood to be in love with an officer on the opposite side, but the latter proves a very mediocre sort of hero, who is not called upon to do anything more heroic than to fold his arms and scowl when, being caught within the enemy's lines, he is accused of being a spy. More sympathetic is the character of a Southern general, who, recognising in this same suspected spy his own son, promptly orders him to be court-martialled. Meanwhile an undoubted traitor is an officer high up in the Southern service, who is in secret communication with the enemy; and at the very headquarters of the Southern forces sympathy with the North is manifested in a practical form. The greater part of the action, in short, is confusing, very like war possibly, but not in the least like a well-made drama, with issues clearly and unmistakably standing out.

WHETHER the author's plans are tending one does not perceive till half the play is over. Then it begins to be seen that the villain, one Colonel Thorpe, in the Southern

service, is not only false to his own side but has designs upon the heroine also, to whose lover, Colonel Kendrick, of the Federal army, he bears a deadly grudge; and the situation thus created reaches its climax when, Thorpe having refused to save Kendrick from execution as a supposed spy, the heroine secures her lover's escape, and then hangs on to the clapper of a huge bell to prevent its being rung to alarm the guard. This is the device which Mr. Belasco has borrowed from Albert Smith, and it may be regarded as at least not less effective than Mr. Vincent Crummies's real pump and water. The length and the extreme insignificance of the cast render it difficult to identify half the performers whose names are set forth in the programme. What is still more unfortunate, the acting, in the case of the handful of characters who bear the story on their shoulders, does not rise above the transpontine or East End standard, though this may be mainly the author's fault. Mrs. Leslie Carter, a society actress, who has taken to the stage rather late in life, exhibits a certain degree of power as the heroine, and Mr. Maurice Barrymore as the hero, Mr. E. J. Morgan as the villain, and Mr. Harry Harwood as a bustling Southern general, stand out creditably from the mass of their associates.

A MUCH more successful American venture is the importation to the Shaftesbury of the company of the Casino Theatre—the Gaiety of New York—who bring with them an *olla podrida* of the sort popularised in this country by the late Fred. Leslie and Mr. Arthur Roberts, an omnibus piece run by clever music-hall comedians, singers and dancers, on go-as-you-please lines. *The Belle of New York*, as this mixture is called, is scarcely so coherent in plan as the "musical comedy" of the day—it belongs more to the extravaganza or burlesque which flourished in this country ten years ago—but there is no reason why it should not appeal to the public who support "The Circus Girl" and "The Geisha," and the still more numerous patrons of the music-hall. At the head of the Casino Company there is an eccentric actor of considerable originality, Mr. Dan Daly, quaint, drily humorous and resourceful, who helps largely to make the performance the success it is. But there are at least half-a-dozen other members of the company who on the English variety stage would attract attention and command popularity. Among these may be mentioned Miss Edna May, a sweet singer and graceful actress, well-qualified to play the part of "the belle" for which she is cast; Miss Phyllis Rankin, who also sings attractively; Mr. J. E. Sullivan, an unctuous low comedian; and various eccentrics of one kind and another, including a whistler and a male dancer, both of whom bring down the house by their respective *tours de force*. In fact, the performance is remarkably rich in music-hall "turns" and in grotesque odds and ends of characterisation. The "book," which is by Mr. Hugh Morton, is of a well-contrived omnibus character, while the score, by Mr. Gustave Kerker, is always lively, and embraces one or

two pretty songs. The whole performance is pervaded by a characteristically American flavour which ought to prove agreeable to the frivolous-minded public.

J. F. N.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"American Wives and English Husbands." By Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. A treatise, in the form of a novel, on international marriages has been widely and favourably reviewed. *The Saturday Review's* critic prefaces his praise by recalling the "crude vulgarity of *Patience Sparhawk*," a work which, he thinks, in no wise indicated the advent of that first-rate woman-novelist which America "has long wanted." But *American Wives and English Husbands* shows a great advance. He writes:

"The plot might easily have been stronger, especially in its final catastrophe; at least four or five subsidiary characters could well be spared, and Mrs. Atherton's narrative style lapses from its usual lucid correctness frequently enough to exasperate the English reader. These things, however, should count but small obstacles in the way of Mrs. Atherton's progress towards the distinction we believe to be waiting for her, and we base our belief much less on her present power to tell clearly an interesting story and to draw credible characters than on her very singular comprehension of the two widely sundered families of the Anglo-Saxon race."

The final catastrophe to which the critic takes objection does not, he thinks, seriously mar the story:

"After all, the real interest of the story inheres in her relations with her husband. The shock of the conflict of two temperaments so wholly antagonistic could not fail, even with less competent treatment, to be of interest; and in Mrs. Atherton's hands the quiet, unobtrusive drama of character becomes of the highest significance. The principal merit of the book resides not merely in picturesque description, not merely in vivacious dialogue and graphic story-telling, but above all in Mrs. Atherton's power to deal broadly and strongly with the broad and strong passions of life as they are visible in acute racial conflicts."

The Spectator's critic is not so enthusiastic as some of his brothers. He writes:

"The book is a strange compound of extravagance and intuition. Mrs. Atherton is, on the whole, a far severer critic of her compatriots than of us, though she certainly does not spare the venal aristocrats of the Old Country. Her sympathies, again, are much more with the South and the West than with the North or East. New England does not appeal to her, and Chicago excites her antipathy. The *dénouement* strikes us as rather strained, the betrothal of the children absurd, and the admirable Cecil a decided prig. But the American women are drawn from the life; and in depicting their love of life and pleasure and admiration, as well as their capacity for hatred, Mrs. Atherton writes with a sort of fierceness that is curiously impressive."

"Claudius Clear," of the *British Weekly*, thinks this story should place Mrs. Atherton in the front rank of women novelists. He concludes by drawing its moral:

"As for the lessons, they are plain enough. If a man marries an American woman for her

money, and for her money only, without respect and without love, he will suffer for it, and probably suffer more than he would if he married an English wife under similar circumstances. On the other hand, if a man marries an American woman for love, the condition of happiness is that one or the other should be willing to merge individuality. It is hard for the woman to do so. If she is brilliant and beautiful, she has experienced such courtship and reverence as English girls know nothing of. It will be very hard for her to lay this aside and to be satisfied with a share in the life of her husband. Even if she does it for a while she may not do it always. It is pretty clear that things in the happy marriage of this book might very easily have gone wrong. If the wife had gone to California her married life would have been wrecked. On the other hand, things being as they were, the husband had the superior brightness of America, and the loss was all the wife's. But I suppose Mrs. Atherton would say that if an English husband could be found to merge his individuality in that of an American wife, the marriage in that case also would be happy. That, however, would be a far more difficult thing, and probably the authoress intends to tell us that the marriage of an American wife with an English husband is in all cases a great risk, but that if it is happy it may be the most happy of all marriages. However, these are considerations with which most of us are not troubled, being contented in our own country. What will win readers to this volume is, as I have said, the extreme freshness, relish, vivacity, and grace of the treatment. What the typical American girl is among women, that *American Wives and English Husbands* is among novels."

"There is not a dull page in the book; it is informed throughout with that most fascinating quality in all works of art—the point of view": thus the critic of the *Daily News*.

"The Sundering Flood." By William Morris.

The Times critic is, to say the least, cold. His opinion of Mr. Morris's prose romances is thus briefly expressed:

"These attempts to re-create an imaginary past are more fit for poetry than for prose, however archaic; and whereas William Morris, in the *Earthly Paradise*, succeeded in producing an extraordinary illusion of reality, the same cannot be said of his prose romances: *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*, *The Sundering Flood*, and the rest of them. At best they are good imitations of *The Four Sons of Aymon* and similar old friends; though William Morris had so steeped himself in mediæval literature and art, and was himself so true a poet, that his imitations are a very different thing from those of anybody else. We notice that this comely volume, though published by Messrs. Longman, bears the ominous statement, 'Printed by John Wilson and Son at the University Press in Cambridge, U.S.A.' Is this to be a common result of the American Copyright Act? Are English publishers, in order to save the expense of double printing, going habitually to have their books set up in America?"

The Standard critic is much of the same mind. He thinks that the late Mr. Morris's prose romances are very hard to classify: he would call them "affectations, fumes, literary brie-a-brac." The anachronisms in the story are acutely dealt with, regard being had to the fact that the story is put into the mouth of a friar of Abingdon:

"At p. 6 we read that 'there was no

great man amongst them, neither king, nor earl, nor alderman.' The terms give a date at once, which is not seriously disturbed by words like 'kenspeckle,' 'graithly,' 'birdalone,' nor by such surnames as Wulfgrimson and Thomasson. All this is near enough for romance. But at p. 76 we find 'bever' used for meat and drink, a good fourteenth-century word, but of very ill-accord with the others; soon afterwards we have a baron to fit in with our alderman as best we may; he is 'preux,' this baron. We read of 'rascaille' used collectively of the 'Aunturs of King Arthur and Sir Gawaine'; more than all, at p. 359, we come plump upon a House of Friars! Now, to speak of friars is to speak of a date as certain as that of the Diamond Jubilee. There were assuredly no aldermen when the Minorites landed in England. Of course, Mr. Morris, in his pose of fourteenth-century clerk, might anachronise to any extent; he might throw friars back as far as he chose; but then he should not drag Anglo-Saxon terms (which the fourteenth-century could not know) forward to meet them. Sir Walter Scott introduced a friar into *Ivanhoe* at an age when friars were not; and he talked in the *Fair Maid of Perth* of 'evening mass'; but Sir Walter never tried to be a mediæval clerk. He was himself, wrote his own language, and became immortal. This also is just what Chaucer did, and this Mr. Morris did when for once he wrote *News from Nowhere*, and succeeded in being far more truly of Chaucer's company than ever before or since."

The critic of the *Outlook* philosophises on Mr. Morris's mission as a writer of Early English as follows:

"To know why this book is penned so curiously, you have to learn that there was once a period when the English people had Latinised their language into dulness; and (with that swing of the pendulum by which all things are worked among the violent and incontinent sons of men) there forthwith arose a number of young writers who discovered that Saxon was pictorial, and went headlong to Saxonise the language, and thrust out Latin with a pitchfork. Amongst these wielders of the pitchfork none was more eager than Mr. Morris, none so uncompromising with the evil thing, nor so sedulous in setting his gardens with slips from Early English. For a time the movement triumphed exceedingly, to the great ultimate good of our tongue; simple and Saxon English was preached to the young *littérateur*—even by *Tit-Bits*—while the extremer spirits began to write something as near Early English as gods and publishers would stand. Alas! *tamen usque recurret!* And this is why this waif of the Saxon movement comes like a last year's leaf into a day which knows it not—a relic of the day when *les jeunes* were Saxonising, in a day when *les jeunes* are Latinising and the pendulum is swinging slowly and surely to the other side again. For *les jeunes* are always on the side of depressed causes, and we have to redress the balance by bearing the Latin standard, because they advanced too exterminatingly the Saxon standard. It is a strange lesson on the durability of schools and movements, this book. Even Rossetti scarce remained faithful to the cause in its sternness; witness the elaborate Latinisms of his sonnets. But Mr. Morris, no less an Abdiel in literature than Mr. Holman Hunt in painting, even from the grave sends forth this testimony to a cause lost through the extremity of its triumph; being dead, he yet speaketh—Early English. It is so short a while ago that movement, yet already we have to be reminded why he talks this tongue."

The *Daily Chronicle's* critic once more indulges in good-natured mimicry of the author's Saxon:

"The book, though not by any means the noblest piece of the Master's work, is a worthy conclusion to it. The story is much clearer and more direct than the *Wondrous Isles*, and it is entirely free from any puzzling suggestions of allegory of which that romance had plenty. At the same time, it loses perhaps in the sense of mystery which fairy romance demands. There is nothing really unked or henspeckle about it; and furthermore, we had liefer be in love with Birdalone of the *Isles* than with Elfhild, gracious and loving though she is. The story is indeed the life of a man, as the *Isles* was of a woman, and as such there is little to wyte in it. For in sooth if one called it a right good book, us seemeth he were not over big-wordy, and we should yeasay him. Moreover, if some humble clerk at the hour of bever goes to a cheaping-shop, and louting low to the drudgling giveth him the sele of the day, and asketh for this book, nor is debt-tough but draweth from his pouch the half of one silver mark, we do him to wit that belike he will make good catch; for it is the Master's voidee-cup."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, April 14.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

ORDER OF DIVINE SERVICE FOR PALM SUNDAY, ACCORDING TO THE USE OF THE CHURCH OF ROME. London and Leamington Art and Book Co.

PILATE'S GIFT, AND OTHER SERMONS. By the Right Rev. G. A. Chadwick, D.D. Religious Tract Society. 5s.

THE SERVICE OF THE MASS IN THE GREEK AND ROMAN CHURCHES. By the Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, D.D., Ph.D. The Religious Tract Society. 1s.

THE CAMBRIDGE BIBLE FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES: THE BOOK OF THE PROPHET ISAIAH, CHAPTERS XL.—LXVI. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. J. Skinner, D.D. Cambridge University Press. 4s.

HYMNS FROM EAST AND WEST: BEING TRANSLATIONS FROM THE POETRY OF THE LATIN AND GREEK CHURCHES, ARRANGED IN THE ORDER OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. By the Rev. John Brownlie. James Nisbet & Co.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE JEW, THE GYPSY, AND EL ISLAM. By the late Captain Sir Richard F. Burton. Edited, with a Preface and Brief Notes, by W. Wilkins. Hutchinson & Co.

SYRIA AND EGYPT FROM THE TELL EL AMARNA LETTERS. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. Methuen & Co. 2s. 6d.

WILLIAM MOON AND HIS WORK FOR THE BLIND. By John Rutherford. Hodder & Stoughton.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

STORIES FROM DANTE. By Norley Chester. Frederic Warne & Co. 3s. 6d.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

AN ELEMENTARY COURSE OF PHYSICS. Edited by Rev. J. C. P. Aldous, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.

NOTES ON OBSERVATIONS: BEING AN OUTLINE OF THE METHODS USED FOR DETERMINING THE MEANING AND VALUE OF QUANTITATIVE OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS IN PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY, AND FOR REDUCING THE RESULTS OBTAINED. By Sydney Lupton, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

REFLECTIONS ON THE FORMATION AND DISTRIBUTION OF RICHES. By Turgot, 1770. The Macmillan Co. 3s.

ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY, PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL. By T. A. Cheetham, F.C.S. Blackie & Son. 1s. 6d.

ESSAYS ON MUSEUMS AND OTHER SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH NATURAL HISTORY. By Sir William Henry Fowler, K.C.B. Macmillan & Co. 12s.

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

THE JEALOUSIES OF A COUNTRY TOWN (LES RIVALITÉS). By H. de Balzac. Translated by Ellen Marriage. With a Preface by George Saintsbury. J. M. Dent & Co.

THE FROZEN PIRATE. By W. Clark Russell. Sampson Low. 6d.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA: REVISED LISTS OF ANTIQUARIAN REMAINS IN THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY. Vol. VIII. THE QUEEN'S EMPIRE: A PICTORIAL AND DESCRIPTIVE RECORD. Vol. I. Cassell & Co. 9s.

THROUGH PERSIA ON A SIDE-SADDLE. By Ella C. Sykes. A. D. Innes & Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: A HISTORY OF ROME. By W. F. Masom, M.A., and W. J. Woodhouse, M.A. W. B. Clive. 4s. 6d.

ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS: LUCRETIIUS; PINDAR. (Cheap re-issue.) 1s. each.

JUVENILE.

BULBS AND BLOSSOMS. By Amy Le Feuvre. Religious Tract Society.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GRAND TACTICS OF CHESS: AN EXPOSITION OF THE LAWS AND PRINCIPLES OF CHESS STRATEGICS. By Franklin K. Young. Roberts Brothers (Boston, U.S.A.).

THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT: A PAPER BY HUGH BONNER, CHIEF OFFICER. C. & E. Layton. 1s.

EGYPTIAN SELF-TAUGHT (ARABIC): WITH ENGLISH PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION. By C. A. Thimm, F.R.G.S. E. Marlborough & Co. 2s.

VICTORIAN ERA SERIES: THE FREE-TRADE MOVEMENT AND ITS RESULTS. By C. Armitage Smith, M.A. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.

Price SIX SHILLINGS.
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,

No. 384, will be published on APRIL 15th.

- CONTENTS.
I. THE STATE AND CONDITIONS OF LABOUR.
II. RECENT SOLAR ECLIPSES.
III. ENGLISH JESUITS AND SCOTTISH INTRIGUES, 1581-82.
IV. GENERAL BOURBON.
V. BABYLONIAN DISCOVERIES.
VI. NOVELS OF AMERICAN LIFE.
VII. THE UNDERSTANDING OF ARCHITECTURE.
VIII. ANTIQUITIES OF HAMPSHIRE.
IX. PETER the GREAT.
X. A SCOTTISH BORDER CLAN.
XI. THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND MODERN FRANCE.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.

READY APRIL 15th. Price FIVE SHILLINGS.

THE ENGLISH HISTORICAL REVIEW.

Edited by S. R. GARDINER, D.C.L., LL.D.,
and R. L. POOLE, M.A., Ph.D.

- Articles.
CONTENTS OF No. 50.
THE EARLY HISTORY OF BABYLONIA.—II. THE RULERS
OF SHURPURA or LAGASH. By Sir H. H. HOWORTH,
K.C.L.E., M.P.
THE PARLEMENT OF PARIS. By Professor PROTHIERO, Litt. D.
THE COSACKS in the EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
By H. HAVLOCK.
NELSON and the NEAPOLITAN REPUBLICANS. By F. P.
BADHAM.
Notes and Documents.
The Chronology of Theophrastus in the Eighth Century, by Thomas
Hodgkin, D.C.L.—Pope Sylvester II. and Stephen I. of Hun-
gary, by Lewis L. Kropf.—Oxfordshire Traces of the Northern
Insurgents of 1065, by F. Baring.—Vacarius: a Correction, by
Professor Liebermann, LL.D.—The Forged Bull to St. Augus-
tine's, Canterbury, by J. H. Round.—A Fifteenth-Century
Assessment of Wages, by Miss E. A. McArthur.—Lady
Katherine Grey and Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, by
W. L. Rutton.—A Royalist Account of the Withdrawal of
the King's Forces from Taunton, 12th Dec. 1644, by the Rev. James
Coleman.—Autobiography of Archbishop King, by the late
Rev. J. W. Stubbs, D.D.—British Converts to Catholicism in
Paris, 1709-1789, by J. G. Alger.
Reviews of Books.—Notices of Periodicals.—List of Recent Historical
Publications.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.

8vo, 6s.
THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. 374, will be published on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20.

- CONTENTS.
I. PUSEY and WISEMAN.
II. TRADE UNIONISM in PRACTICE and THEORY.
III. LETTERS OF NAPOLEON.
IV. POEMS OF T. E. BROWN.
V. PREHISTORIC ARTS and CRAFTS.
VI. POEMS OF BACCHYLIDES.
VII. GARDINER'S PROTECTORATE.
VIII. MYSTERIES OF ANIMAL and BIRD LIFE.
IX. ASTRONOMY OF DANTE.
X. MILITARY ESPIONAGE in FRANCE.
XI. CHANGES in the UNCHANGING EAST.
XII. THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

London: JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

MR. MURRAY'S

NEW EDITION

OF

BYRON'S POETICAL

AND

PROSE WORKS

To be completed in Twelve Volumes.

Vol. I. of the Poetry will be published on
WEDNESDAY, the 20th inst.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

E P P S 'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

C O C O A

BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.

F. V. WHITE & CO.'S LIST.

POPULAR NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

At all Libraries, Booksellers', and Bookstalls.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER'S NEW NOVEL.
THE PEACEMAKERS. By the
AUTHOR of "BOOTLE'S BABY," "THE TRUTH
TELLERS," &c.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE BEETLE."

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY. By
RICHARD MARSH.
"It is a clever tale, and deserving of many readers."
Scotsman.

BY ESME STUART.

THE STRENGTH OF TWO. By the
AUTHOR of "ARRESTED," "A WOMAN OF
FORTY," &c.

JEAN MIDDLEMASS'S NEW NOVEL.

**BLANCHE CONINGHAM'S SUR-
RENDER.** By the AUTHOR of "DANDY."

NEW NOVEL BY E. YOLLAND.

MISTRESS BRIDGET. By the Author
of "IN DAYS OF STRIFE."

BERTRAM MITFORD'S NEW ROMANCE.

In cloth gilt, 3s. 6d., with Illustrations by
A. D. M'CORMICK.

THE INDUNA'S WIFE. By the
AUTHOR of "THE KING'S ASSEGAI," &c.

NEW ROMANCE BY HUME NISBET.

In cloth gilt, 3s. 6d., with Frontispiece.

FOR LIBERTY. By the Author of
"A SWEET SINNER."

F. V. WHITE & CO., 14, Bedford Street, Strand.

JUST PUBLISHED.

HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA

By G. W. RUSDEN.

Second Edition, Revised and brought down to April, 1897. 3 vols., crown 8vo, 36s.

Uniform with above.

HISTORY OF NEW ZEALAND.

Second Edition. 3 vols., crown 8vo, 45s.

MELVILLE, MULLEN & SLADE, 12, Ludgate Square, E.C.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS TO "THE ACADEMY."

The following have appeared, and the numbers containing them can still be obtained;
or Complete Sets may be had separately.

BEN JONSON	1896.	WILKIE COLLINS	March 20
JOHN KEATS	Nov. 14	JOHN MILTON	" 27
SIR JOHN SUCKLING	" 21	WILLIAM COWPER	April 3
TOM HOOD	" 28	CHARLES DARWIN	" 10
THOMAS GRAY	Dec. 5	ALFRED, LORD	" 17
ROBERT LOUIS	" 12	TENNYSON	" 24
STEVENS	" 19	HENRY WADSWORTH	" 24
SIR WALTER SCOTT	" 26	LONGFELLOW	" 24
		ANDREW MARVELL	May 1
		ROBERT BROWNING	" 8
		THOMAS CARLYLE	" 15
SAMUEL RICHARDSON.	1897.	PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY	" 22
THOMAS DE QUINCEY	Jan. 2	CHARLES DICKENS	" 29
LEIGH HUNT	" 9	JONATHAN SWIFT	June 5
LORD MACAULAY	" 16	WILLIAM MAKEPEACE	" 12
ROBERT SOUTHEY	" 23	THACKERAY	" 19
S. T. COLERIDGE	" 30	WILLIAM BLAKE	" 26
CHARLES LAMB	Feb. 6	SIR RICHARD STEELE	" 26
MICHAEL DRAYTON	" 13	ALEXANDER POPE	July 3
WALTER SAVAGE	" 20	DOUGLAS JERROLD	" 10
LANDOR	" 27	FRANCIS BACON	" 17
SAMUEL PEPYS	March 6		1898.
EDMUND WALLER	" 13	HENRIK IBSEN	March 26

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK!

"A brilliant book."—Sketch. "Particularly good."—Academy.
6s. net, claret roan, gilt, illustrated.

LONDON in the TIME of the DIAMOND JUBILEE.

London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Llangollen: Darlington & Co.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Letter from H.M. the QUEEN.

"Sir Henry Ponsonby is commanded by the Queen to thank Mr. Darlington for a copy
of his Handbook which he has sent to Her Majesty."
"Nothing better could be wished for."—British Weekly.
"Far superior to ordinary Guides."—London Daily Chronicle.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S. Maps by J. BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo. ONE SHILLING EACH. Illustrated.

THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from
His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN,
LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING; A. W. KINGLAKE; and Sir THEODORE
MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST. THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.
THE NORTH WALES COAST. THE ISLE of WIGHT.
BRECON and its BEACONS. THE WYE VALLEY.
ROSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW. THE SEVERN VALLEY.
BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.
BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.
LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, BETTWSYCOED and SNOWDOY.
ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLLETH and ABERDOVEY.
BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLEOH, CRICETH and PWLLHELL.
MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER and CHELTENHAM.
LLANDREDDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the Leading Hotels
throughout the World.

"The most comprehensive and interesting Handbook to our vast city that we have
seen."—The World.
"Most emphatically tops them all."—Daily Graphic.
"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—Liverpool Daily Post.

Sixty Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. Twenty Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., Ltd.
The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers'.

MESSRS. C. ARTHUR PEARSON LIMITED,

Beg to announce that they have in preparation

AN EDITION DE LUXE OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,

with Drawings, Artistic Borders and Initials by GEORGE WOOLLISCROFT RHEAD, R.E., FREDERICK A. RHEAD, and LOUIS RHEAD, who have been actively engaged for the last three years in illustrating this favourite English classic.

The Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., will contribute a Special Preface.

The *ATHENÆUM* says: "These excellent examples of the right way of illustrating Bunyan possess those masculine qualities, that directness, and the robust energy that the themes demand. As to the higher elements we associate under the name of design, there is not the slightest doubt Bunyan, could he go to Bond Street and study the works of the Messrs. Rhead, would recognise in them a crowning mercy, specially reserved till now for himself."

* * This Edition will be limited to 200 Copies for England and America, numbered and signed by the Artists, printed on Hand-made Paper, and bound in buckram, price Two Guineas net. A Prospectus will be forwarded on application.

WITH PEARY NEAR the POLE. By Eivind Astrup. Illustrated with Sketches and Photographs

by the Author. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top, 10s. 6d.

Mr. Astrup was a great personal friend of Lieut. Peary, and accompanied that intrepid pioneer on his two expeditions northward. Taking care to avoid a repetition of the scientific story of their travels, he has devoted himself to giving us a vivid picture of the adventures that befell their parties, of the wonderful life they led, the strange animals and the stranger people they encountered.

SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS of CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. By G. F. Wright, D.D., Professor of the

Harmony of Science and Revelation, Oberlin College. Crown 8vo, cloth, Illustrated, 7s. 6d.

"Dr. Wright is abreast of the latest results in science; he approaches questions of Biblical criticism in the true spirit of a critic, he takes a broad view of the whole ground of controversy, and in this volume he has made a substantial contribution towards defining the proper limits of the two modes of thought and setting them in right relation to each other."—*New Age*.

"A work of great worth—a work, too, which ought to be widely read."—*Presbyterian*.

SIDE-SLIPS: or, Misadventures on a Bicycle. By R. Andom, Author of "We Three and Troddles."

Numerous Sketches by A. Fredericks. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

This volume deals in a lively way with the manifold humorous and practical affairs incidental to cycling and cyclists. It contains details of a brief but not uneventful tour in the Eastern counties, and much supplementary matter of a fictitious and factitious nature of interest to all cyclists, would-be cyclists, and have-been cyclists. [Shortly.]

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION.

THE HOPE of the FAMILY. By ALPHONSE DAUDET. Translated by LEVIN CARNAC. 8vo, buckram, 6s.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* on the French Edition: "Is destined, we think, to rank among the very best of his novels."

A MAORI MAID. By H. B. Vogel

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

The author, the son of a former Prime Minister, and himself an ex-Minister of Lands in the colony, has given us in this novel a most interesting picture of New Zealand life interwoven with a touching love story and adventures in search of gold.

THE KEEPERS of the PEOPLE. By

EDGAR JEPSON, Author of "Sybil Falcon," "The Passion for Romance." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"Absorbingly interesting. It is written with considerable skill, and reveals a wonderful imaginative power on the part of the author."—*Scotsman*.

"Ranks among the powerful and original books of the season."—*Star*.

SECOND EDITION.

THE INCIDENTAL BISHOP. By

GRANT ALLEN, Author of "What's Bred in the Bone," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"Mr. Grant Allen has achieved a distinct success in the field of imaginative literature....He has, in fact, given us a novel that contains originality, humour, tragedy, and pathos."—*Morning Post*.

"A work of great power, well-sustained interest, and conspicuous literary merit."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE REV. ANNABEL LEE. By

ROBERT BUCHANAN, Author of "God and the Man." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"Embodies an essentially bold and strong idea....his book will find many readers by reason of its eternally appealing theme."—*Daily Mail*.

THE VIRGIN of the SUN: a Tale of

the Conquest of Peru. By GEORGE GRIFFITH, Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "Valdar the Oft-Born," "Men who have Made the Empire," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, with Frontispiece by Stanley L. Wood, 6s.

"A very successful attempt to perform a somewhat difficult and laborious task, and the author ought to find his reward in the popularity of his novel."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

LADY JEZEBEL. By Fergus Hume,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

SECOND EDITION.

THE ZONE of FIRE. By Headon

HILL, Author of "Guilty Gold." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. "A most thrilling tale of the episodes of a Sudan campaign, in which Maxim guns and war correspondents are blended with the romance of the Arabian Nights. There is an ingeniously complicated plot, which is ingeniously unravelled."—*Times*.

THE SHROUDED FACE. By Owen

RHOSCOMYL, Author of "Battlement and Tower," "The Jewel of Ynys Galen." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. [May.]

THE MASTER-KEY. By Florence

WARDEN, Author of "The House on the Marsh." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. [May.]

HAGAR of HOMERTON. By Mrs.

HENRY E. DUDENEY, Author of "A Man with a Maid." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. [May.]

NEW 3s. 6d. FICTION.

THREE WOMEN and MR. FRANK

CARDWELL. By W. PETT RIDGE, Author of "A Clever Life." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"One of the best books of the year, and should have a great run."—*British Weekly*.

"The best thing that Mr. Pett Ridge has done."—*Star*.

LUCKY BARGEE. By Harry Lander,

Author of "Weighed in the Balance," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"'Lucky Bargee' takes to the river, and his life there is depicted with a marvellous realism; later on he is educated as a gentleman, and ultimately ceases to be a mere polished savage by the gentle influence of one of the most charming heroines of modern fiction."

THE MARQUIS of VALROSE. From

the French of CHAS. FOLEY. Translated by ALYS HALLARD. 3s. 6d.

This is a stirring story, taken from one of the most touching episodes of the Civil War of La Vendée.

PAUL BECK: the Rule-of-Thumb

Detective. By M. McDONNELL BODKIN, Q.C. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Paul Beck, the Rule-of-Thumb Detective, is an Irish Sherlock Holmes, with a very original yet logical method for the detection of crime.

SECOND EDITION.

THE SKIPPER'S WOOING. By

W. W. JACOBS. 3s. 6d.

"It contains scenes which we shall not be able to recall without a smile for many weeks to come....It is a good story, well told, and full of humour and drollery."—*Daily Telegraph*.

SECOND EDITION.

THE INVISIBLE MAN. By H. G.

WELLS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"This is a wonderful story; grotesque, indeed, as the title-page has it, but deepening as it goes from the farcical to the fearful and tragical. 'The Invisible Man' has been happy in his biographer, if in nothing else."—*Scotsman*.

"LATTER-DAY STORIES."

Crown 8vo, cloth, with Portrait, 2s. 6d. each.

NEW VOLUME.

AN EGYPTIAN COQUETTE. By

CLIVE HOLLAND, Author of "My Japanese Wife," &c.

"Full of go and brightness, and never once becoming dull."—*Glasgow Daily Mail*.

Vol. I. MISS BETTY. By Bram

STOKER, Author of "Dracula."

"A very charming story. Miss Betty is a figure in fiction to be remembered."—*World*.

Vol. II. VAN WAGENER'S WAYS.

By W. L. ALDEN, Author of "His Daughter," &c.

"Full of spontaneous and rollicking humour."—*Daily Telegraph*. "Such a book is something of a godsend, and the man who can excite a hearty laugh as he does is really a benefactor to the race."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

COMPLETE CATALOGUE WILL BE FORWARDED ON RECEIPT OF POST CARD.

C. ARTHUR PEARSON LIMITED, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.